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Niccola

By
E. Nancy Thompson

Niccola used to think that there were two different kinds of remembering. There were the vague impressions, built up by a multitude of similar incidents by which you just knew how things were. Then there was the intense experience, which, in the act of remembering, you lived over again with the vividness of the first occasion.

Niccola's earliest recollection was of this last sort. It was an elusive memory. If she looked squarely at it, consciously tried to recall it, the charm was lost. But sometimes, through some chance association, she felt again the happiness of that moment.

It was one spring morning, when she was not yet four. The window on the stair landing was open. Niccola, just tall enough to raise her arms to the sill, pulled herself up so that her head was outside, her feet dangling from the floor. She was not afraid of her height above the ground. She felt the fresh morning air, saw the wide clear sky. And then, almost as if in expression of her happiness, she heard music—cool, liquid notes that rose and fell, now fainter, now clearer. Niccola could not tell where it came from, nor who made the music. It was a simple melody, with no distracting harmony—a bugle call for the soldiers. But the beauty of it! the beauty of it! It was as if, then, perfection happened. Later she might try with wistfulness to enter that kingdom of happiness, but not often was she allowed through the portal. Once in a long while she could slip in, and know again the beauty, the intense pleasure, the heightened awareness of that early morning when she had leaned out of an open window, and had heard the bugle blowing.

Niccola thought she was very fortunate in her childhood, for the vague multiple impressions were chiefly happy ones. She took for granted the harmony in the home between her parents, their interest in the children, the pleasures their parents planned for them. But the memorable times were the ones in which she was aware of her happiness and of herself.

Again she felt the disturbing joy, one evening when she had gone upstairs to bed. She was alone in the dark bedroom, singing the evening prayer she had been taught:

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me."

As she began to sing, she heard her father in the upper hall, busy with some job of carpentering. Without saying a word to stop her singing, he joined in her prayer, supplying the harmony in his deep, beautiful voice. Niccola was so surprised and touched that she almost stopped. But gathering courage, she kept on in her childish treble through three verses, listening all the time to her father's voice. When she had finished, she got into her bed without a word, and lay there in such happiness that she was crying a little. Her father did not come into her room to speak to her, but kept on with his work. Niccola pulled the covers over her head. She had felt, when she was singing with her father, as if the love of her father were all about her, surrounding her, supporting her. If, troubled sometimes by the severity of her father, she remembered that evening prayer, she knew that everything was all right; her father's love and tenderness were still there.

But it was true there were many times when she was afraid of her father. Another memory, so far back that Niccola could not remember the beginning or the end—the gaps she filled in from what she was told later—was of a scolding. All she remembered was that she was sitting on the table, her feet hanging over the edge, sobbing so that her body shook. Her head was bent; she could not see through her tears and tangled hair. She was sitting there in a little white petticoat, getting dressed for the party. She was not to have any cake that night, because she had taken some of the icing. To her four-year-old spirit this was

desolation—this, and the sense of her parents' displeasure.

Niccola used to think that perhaps she would not have been so shy of her father if she had been allowed to call him "Daddy." But he was "Father"—always kind and fair to the children, but a little austere and distant. There was a time when she used to sit on his knee and play with his hands and his hair. But before she was very old, she had learned not to expect any words of endearment. She adored her father, waited for his word of praise, treasured up the times when he took her part. But because of his abstraction, she was afraid.

One day, she remembered, Father was angry. It was not Niccola who had answered him impertinently; it was her older sister. But when Father spoke loudly and harshly, and came into the room to take her sister by the shoulder, Niccola crouched into a corner, and flung her arms over her eyes. Her father laughed, exasperated and perhaps a little ashamed. "It's all right, Nikky. What are you afraid of? I'm not going to hurt you."

He did strike her once. There was heavy trouble in the house. Her older brother, nine years old, had been detected in a serious but boyish crime, and had had a thrashing. He was upstairs. Father came down to the breakfast table to a silent group. Mother looked pained and grieved. The other children were white-faced. Niccola felt unhappy, too. In an ill-judged attempt to smooth things over, to act as if nothing were wrong, she began to play with Jack in the high-chair, peering round the cups at him and laughing boisterously. Accidentally, she knocked a cup off the table. "Come here, Niccola," said Father, sternly.

She went to him. He took the switch he had used on her brother and gave her three stinging blows on her hand. They were not heavy, but Niccola felt their injustice. She knew it was because Father was worried about his eldest son that her small misdemeanor was treated so. But for a long time she could not forgive him. Later she understood how sick at heart he must have been. After he was gone, when Niccola used to imagine him alive again, she would picture herself walking by his side, leaning on his arm, and laughing up at him.

"Father, dear, do you remember striking me when I was seven years old? I didn't understand then, but I don't mind now, really and truly, Father, dear."

It seemed to Niccola that only slowly she came to a realization of the existence of her two brothers and two sisters. She felt herself the "odd one out", for her sisters were a good deal older than she, as children reckon ages, and she could not always be with her brothers.

May, the oldest, was rather a trial to Niccola when she was very young. May was authoritative; May was always right; she knew just what was to be done, and when. Nikky minded very much the rather tactless things May sometimes said to her. "Model English sister!" she would say—Niccola felt the sting of it. That term was given Nikky because she used to take her brothers' part against the bossiness of their oldest sister.

"She doesn't respect us," Niccola sobbed once. There was really nothing to compare with the misery of her feeling of impotence against May. She couldn't hurt her by slapping her, for May would hold her wrists in an iron grip. The older girl could laugh off any retort that Niccola might attempt. Later, when May was the chief prop of the house, Niccola came to realize her good qualities—May's absolute justice and dependability. And, years ahead, when Niccola was deathly sick and in desperate need of someone stronger than herself, she was humbled to find that May was tender and loving, too—understanding as well as strong, gentle as well as capable.

Joanna, the next in the family, was the leader of the five in their games and play. She was a happy-go-lucky child, full of im-

agination and fun. It was Joanna who named the hills and hollows of the "Fairy Path" along the ravine, Joanna who made up stories to tell to the others—of how a band of mosquitoes had chased the fairies out of the little home the children had built for them; of the fairy imprisoned in a crack in the ice (they could see her rainbow wing); and, on moonlight nights when the children slept out on the screened verandah, of Peter Pan and the Never Never Land. Niccola followed Joanna about, looked up to her in everything, and tried to copy all her ways.

Randall, two years older than Niccola, was rather a stormy boy. Niccola got along quite well with him. It was against his oldest sister that his rages turned. But to Niccola he was always kind, in an off-hand, patronizing way. Jack, the baby of them all, was everyone's favorite—he was so sweet and adorable-looking, with his fine brown eyes and golden curls.

And the mother—holding the children in check, quietly, patiently, always cheerful, ready with her unfailing interest. Other families might have fathers who romped more with their youngsters, but not many had mothers who could "do things", as they used to say. Leaving her work, if necessary, she would go to play ball, or organize party games, take long walks, or cycle for miles.

Niccola had thought when she was little that it was much more fun being a girl than a boy, because she could enjoy two sets of things—girls' games as well as boys', girls' books as well as boys'. Niccola had a small family of dolls which she attended to with desultory interest. But she prided herself on being able to play marbles and stick-knife, too. She could swing from a cross-bar, vault a four-barred gate, jump from mountains of hay in a hay-loft. Niccola was always thankful that her early years were spent in an almost country environment. The first house she could remember was on the edge of a ravine. The children really thought that they possessed the ravine. It provided endless delights of exploration, and mysteriousness and beauty. The Wares moved to another house, when Niccola was six—a house surrounded with several acres of uncleared land. Niccola remembered the long summer evenings, when they would race about the sloughs and woods, to lie panting in the tall grass, until a playmate gave the signal to run "Home Free". Or they might go to a wood, climb young poplars, and sway back and forth in the trees, until their weight bent the small trunks over far enough for them to drop off. But almost the most fun was to swim in the evening, when the lights were on at the pool. They would jump in at the deep end, and, with eyes open, slowly rise to the top, looking at the shifting blobs of light at the surface. Then there were countless memories of holidays at the lake—a train journey, the race to the beach; rowing, swimming through breakers; the elation of being on an island, even thought it was only a mound of rocks and nettles; the "Golden Hill", where they stood among sunflowers shoulder high; the "Castle", a stone building with a history of fifty years behind it—these were treasures to be taken out and handled gently and lovingly in the years to come.

In Niccola's tenth year her father died. Her early childhood thus definitely closed that year.

The Sunday before her father's death was another time of deepest happiness. Perhaps there gathered about that last Sunday all the half-remembered impressions of many other Sundays. They could not always have been sunny, but she remembered that day as a bright day, when the family breakfasted in a leisurely manner, instead of scrambling off to school as on week-days. On that last Sunday they all walked, as was their custom, through the country lanes to the little church. Was it that afternoon that Niccola took her book out to the woods, to read by herself? After supper, while the girls were clearing away, father played voluntaries on the sweet-toned reed organ. And then the family gathered about their father and sang from the Mendelssohn Choir music:

*"No star is o'er the lake,
Its pale watch keeping.
The moon is half awake,
Through grey mists creeping."*

While they were singing—father in his bass voice, the girls singing contralto, mother and the younger ones carrying the melody—Niccola felt again that great and wonderful happiness, so intensely, so vividly that she could not remain indoors. She slipped outside into the friendly darkness, hearing the music from within the house, as she sat on the steps. Because she had no words to clothe her feeling with—she knew no poetry, had no one else's experience to go by—she thought that this must be a conversion—a turning to God.

Very likely she would have forgotten that Sunday, except that it was the last. The following days she remembered with painful fidelity. Niccola did not know until years later what was the nature of her father's illness, nor that her mother was with him in his last hours. After her father had been taken to the hospital, Niccola was sent to friends for a visit, to be kept out of the way of the grown people's anxiety. Niccola, reassured after her first fears, was already reckoning when father would be home, satisfied with the promise that she might see him Sunday afternoon.

That Sunday she went with her little friend to Sunday school. Niccola remembered coming back to the house, laughing and talking. But the woman whom she called Auntie came towards her, tears flowing, her arms outstretched. "Niccola dear, Niccola, Father's gone!"

Niccola stood stock-still and uttered no word. Then she turned and went into the bedroom and lay on the bed, her face away from the light. She did not cry even when the kind lady came in and stroked her hair. "Niccola dear, mother wants you home."

Niccola remembered her dumb composure as they rode back on the street-car. She walked up the steps and into her home. There were many people there, but Niccola went straight to her mother and stood by her without a word. Her mother broke out weeping again. Niccola put her head on her mother's shoulder. Someone answered the telephone. "Mr. Ware passed away early this morning".

The stony grief did not leave the little girl. The younger children were not kept home from school in the days before the funeral. When her teacher asked her probing questions about her father's death, Niccola gripped the edge of her desk, looked straight ahead, and answered, "Yes. No. I don't know." She was even dreadingly conscious of a sense of importance when she was allowed out early from school to go to the funeral. But she could not cry. In the taxi going down town, Randall sat with tears running over. During the service, Jack, still a very little boy, began to sob aloud. His mother took him on her knee. Niccola sat mute, ashamed of her calmness. But no tears came.

Jack and Niccola were not taken to the cemetery, but went to their Auntie's. Their little friend began to play a gramophone record. "Hush, dear," said her mother.

"It's all right," said Niccola, "I don't mind." Again she felt she was not responding as she should. They might think her heartless, unfeeling—she could not help it. As her life swung back again to the ordinary routine of school and play, the hardness and bitterness in her heart went so far below the level of her everyday feeling that she almost forgot about it. But on Sundays, when her mother sat in church weeping quietly, Niccola could not even stretch out her hand to her, but sat silent and miserable.

And then, when she was thirteen, her three-year-old grief broke out. A teacher had kept her in after four to help her with some algebra problem. Niccola felt nervous and upset about some questions she did not understand. The teacher said kindly, "Perhaps you could get your father to help you." Then, quickly, as he perceived his blunder, "I'm sorry, Niccola. Your brother is at home—ask him."

"May I go, please," said Niccola, and turned to the door, her lips trembling. Once out of the school she ran down the streets until she

Mullin's Memorial

By
Molly Hughes

The elevator settled like a feather on the ground floor of the Omega House, and Helen strutted out. The crowd of girls struggled to be next to operate it. By stepping on Betty's prostrate head, June seized the controls, and the elevator soared aloft with five Omegas, packed cheek to cheek. But what is an elevator doing in the Omega House, you ask. Well, it all began in September when University and the Omega House opened.

It was almost midnight when the taxi left me, but the house was blazing with light. I opened the door the six inches it would swing, and oozed in. A large trunk blocked the way. I mountaineered it. In the hall doorway two more trunks stood, upended behind a large box. I circumnavigated the latter, ripped my best stockings, swore, and looked up. Looming above me around the trunks, in shining face, pink satin nightie, and curlers, was an enormous female. A little taken aback, I introduced myself, assumed she was the new house mother and not the former tenant, and explained my presence. The creature patted me on the shoulder and said, "It's quite all right, dearie," and released me. I staggered out to the kitchen to find six girls perched on tables and counters eating toast. The woman had retreated to her lair, so I began inquiring. The name was Mullins. June raved about her kindness. Betty said she seemed all right. Mary muttered that so far they hadn't had anything you could honestly call a meal, but Helen quietly added that they'd only been there two days. The conversation went on to the beautiful freshettes, and who had been married, so having finished two cups of tea, I located the empty bed, and crawled in beside my influenzaish room mate.

The morning was erratic, and lunch was our first regular meal. Mrs. Mullins presided, and well draped ourselves around the table. Late as usual, I got the place of horror beside the house mother. A rather frugal lunch appeared on the table, and we hurled ourselves on it. When the first round was over, the conversation began, and though not sparkling, it was sustained. I learned that Mrs. Mullins had a



came to, a little wood. Here she stopped, strangled by her sobs and blinded by her tears. She flung down her school books and caught hold of a branch of a tree. "O Father, Father! My Father!" she moaned. It was as if then she knew her loss, how sorely she would be missing him in the years to come—to answer her questions and quiet her fears, to encourage and support her by his strength and calm.

As her grief left her, Niccola sank exhausted to the ground, her cheek against the cool, smooth trunk. It was very quiet in the woods. Now she felt somehow at peace, waiting. And then, without reasoning why, she tore a page out of her scribbler and began to write a letter to her father, writing down all her sorrow and hurt and perplexity. She carried the letter about with her for some days. When no one was about, she put the letter on the fire, opened the draught, and watched the paper burn away to ashes that were borne, as glowing sparks, up the chimney.

And so Niccola turned the last corner away from childhood. She had taken the first step in the interesting, difficult country of adolescence, leading to the land of grown-ups beyond.

husband and two sons in the army overseas, a daughter elsewhere. Her health was poor. Her legs bothered her. It was from the minerals in the water at Dunham, her home. She had a farm which she was trying to keep up for her boys. The neighbors were kind, but didn't look after the animals properly. Our house had been in a frightful state from the former tenants. The washing machine didn't work. Did we own any tea towels? She'd had to cut up her own bath towels. I escaped as soon as tea had been gulped.

On Friday classes started, and all the eight o'clockers hit the dining room at seven forty-seven. In five minutes the cereal appeared, followed closely by the cold burnt toast and the watery coffee. Mrs. Mullins bustled in and out talking furiously, while the maid slept in the kitchen. The girls grunted, got up, and ran. Our delicious lunch consisted of two lettuce leaves, bread and butter, and raw apples; our dinner, macaroni cheese, and apple sauce. That night we ate two loaves of bread, toasted, before we went to bed, and the murmuring began. The following day the breakfast ritual was repeated with minor variations, such as lumpy scorched porridge, and no milk. Lunch and dinner were only distinguishable because the bologna was cold at one meal and fried at the next, whereas the potatoes reversed the order. Mrs. Mullins, however, confided in Vera that she thought we were all lovely girls. On Saturday we had the first small tiff. Helen, the house manager, was sent to inquire if the upstairs was going to be cleaned this week. "Oh, no!" said Mrs. Mullins. "When I was hired it was stated that the girls would clean their own rooms." "You were misinformed," replied the meeting, sending Helen back to Mrs. Mullins. "While we had a maid we will not clean our rooms." Mrs. Mullins capitulated and harmony was restored.

The next week passed in semi-starvation and low grumblings. The Mullins piece de resistance became firmly rooted on the menu. Undercooked, unsalted, scalloped potatoes and raw apples were the staples. This was occasionally varied by soup, bologna, or one of its relatives. Poor Mary incurred the Mullins enmity at this point, by wailing one Saturday before dinner, "It's scalloped potatoes again, and I simply can't stand it." As Mary never eats potatoes, her meals of dry bread were beginning to pall. We became the mainstay of Tuck. But Mrs. Mullins insisted on being kind to us. "I'm just doing a little wash, my dear. Would you like to slip in a few things?" or "I'm going overtime this afternoon. Would you like a ride?" It got to such a point that you were scarcely permitted to navigate the drug store under your own steam. Of course, driving with Mrs. Mullins was not insurable, and all these small services could only be repaid by listening to hours of the Mullins' woes or joys. Her house and its furnishings were usually good for ten or fifteen minutes. If she had all the furniture she claimed, her house must have covered about the same area as the Palace at Knossus. She did, however, bring in her tea-wagon as a sample. Quite useful, too. The house and furnishings topic, however, was usually trotted out about the time our house needed a little cleaning, and generally scared us from asking so grand a lady to see that our bathroom was scrubbed. Her husband was an inspiring topic. His position in the army varied from aide-de-camp to Gen. McNaughton to Regimental Sergeant-Major, depending on the proximity of pay day. In civilian life his exploits were even more wonderful. Betty wondered how he could have survived the twenty-five years of matrimony that Mrs. Mullins claimed. We estimated that with her present culinary skill, we'd be dead in six months, and we made allowances for improvements since her bridal days. The boys were devoted to their father as well as their mother, and as they were always somewhere

in his vicinity, their rank changed accordingly. They all shared the little parcels she sent them every few weeks. This was when she was getting us to buy chocolate bars for her. After the usual raw apple dessert, Mary remarked one night that our sugar also must go into the little parcels for Daddy. The next day, however, Mrs. Mullins mended Vera's evening dress. She offered to do our ironing. But when Helen suggested that the kitchen cleaning might be attacked, she had several excellent reasons for the delay, and of course had planned to get right at it tomorrow.

Poor Mrs. Mullins seemed starved for friendship. She stopped us to talk on all occasions. Vera and Win, as the two most sympathetic, were especially favored, and could have each written a fairly interesting if divergent Mullins' family history. Win had to send Mary down to do her ironing as she was less susceptible. Vera viewed the Mullins' legs every morning at nine. Poor Vera was the only person without an eight o'clock lecture. She became so well versed in the Mullins birth, illnesses and operations that she could supply the doctors' names and the dates to the narrative. Mrs. Mullins greeted us all lovingly, and would confide in each of us in turn about one of the other seven. But although the Mullins pretended to be lonely, a weird assortment of friends dropped in at all hours to be shown through the house, or driven somewhere while dinner waited. Betty suggested that she was probably charging the public to show them our menagerie: the original goon girls—tencents. We felt like trespassers in our own house.

But the food! The dreadful, awful, horrible food became an obsession. We all wore the marks of malnutrition, but we didn't intend to be insulting when our table conversation consisted solely of Household Economics hints on cooking food, or descriptions of our favorite dishes. It was futile. Mrs. Mullins always concluded that the army had found her sons A1, so she must know something about cooking. We tried heredity and environment for a table topic then, and the scalloped potatoes, dry bread, and apples continued. We used too much sugar, so there were no desserts. We used too much butter. The meat coupons were insufficient, so we sometimes had bologna. In fact, according to Mrs. Mullins, food in any quantity was unprocurable. Every night after the girls, growing weaker and weaker, crawled upstairs from dinner, they gathered in one room or another, and the day's incidents were retold.

Then one night June rushed in, reeking of scandal. We skipped the blessing on the dry bread, and left Mrs. Mullins with a full tea pot, we were so anxious to hear the news. Eight girls spread themselves on two beds and the floor, and June began. She started in a whisper, which rose and fell like a fire siren. She had met a friend who knew a girl who had worked where Mrs. Mullins had worked before. Everyone there knew that Mrs. Mullins had never been married, and had no sons. She called herself Mrs. Mullins, and told the same story, but the cook came from her home town, and she soon told everyone. Mrs. Mullins left. "Well," said Vera, who had brought a chocolate bar—an act of great self-denial, "Who gets the chocolate bars?"

"And that," said Mary, "explains the variable factor about Daddy."

"And no wonder," remarked Helen, "we have to pay that salary to someone who is only working to keep busy, and because she likes young people."

Any time one of us arrived home in the morning, we found Mrs. Mullins entertaining the milkman or the baker in the kitchen. The maid was an expensive ornament. She took two hours to wash the dishes, and then sat in the living-room and smoked. We almost felt we should ask permission before entering. She also was, of course, just a dear girl. Mary advocated her paying us for doing her work. The floors were never waxed. Mrs. Mullins' legs. The chairs were never dusted. Stooping made her giddy. We suggested that Margie, the maid, might perhaps do something. Oh, Margie didn't have time. They washed daily.

Betty maintained that they took in washing for Americans.

After furious arguments in the bedrooms, in which no one made the slightest effort to lower their voices, so that Mrs. Mullins must have heard many violent accusations roaring down the hot air vents, it was finally decided to get a new house mother, and we started hunting. Win and Betty were still afraid that a change might be for the worse. At least, the Mullins left us alone, although when Vera found an empty beer bottle on our front doorstep one Sunday morning and dumped it into the garbage, Mrs. Mullins hurried out and buried it. She whispered to Vera that she wouldn't interfere with our fun, but we must remember her duty as house mother. She was out every evening, but she visualized us at home with a case of beer in the middle of the floor, an illusion which we did nothing to dispel in the vain hope it might drive her out.

We had just contacted what appeared to be an excellent prospect, when Mrs. Mullins asked Helen to call a house meeting, so that both sides could air their complaints and settle our difficulties. There seemed, she said, an undercurrent of unpleasantness. She felt that the girls were not entirely satisfied. On the principle that even a condemned criminal deserves a hearing, we all trailed reluctantly into the living room one evening. The silence could have been cut by the yard. Mrs. Mullins began to talk. She had tried to do her best for us. She had treated us like her own sons. Her voice broke and she began to sob. June hurriedly came to the rescue.

"Of course we were satisfied."

"We realized what a tremendous task she had faced."

"We were grateful for her efforts."

"We enjoyed the meals." This last from Betty, who could live on potatoes and bread without bulging. It was a race to retract our unkind accusations. We abased ourselves. Mary and Eileen sat like the gargoyles on Notre Dame, but June waxed more and more enthusiastic. We had, she implied, the best possible house mother, who was doing her utmost to ensure our comfort. Mrs. Mullins was consoled. Helen dared to suggest that the food might be improved, and Eileen remarked that we'd like the dust shovelled out from under the beds. Mrs. Mullins agreed. Of course, things were hard to get now, and Margery was just a young girl. You couldn't expect too much, but she would do her best. Peace descended upon the Omega House. We were just one big happy family.

Bitterly we dragged ourselves upstairs. Behind the shut door, the mutual recriminations began. "Who was the hypocrite who started the salaaming!" stormed Helen. "You complain to me about the food, about the dirt, but when you have a chance to tell her, everything is beautiful."

"I didn't retract anything," said Mary. "Why do you have to be so beastly soft-hearted, June?"

"You couldn't just leave her drenching the living room. Besides, she's really very kind. She means well."

"That sob story," sneered Eileen, "was just to get our sympathy. Like the husband and sons overseas. She just wants to hang on to her job."

"Who wouldn't, if you can make on it like she does," added Mary. "Look what she must save on the food, and by the time she's sold our sugar, and our butter, and our meat coupons."

"I wonder what Margie pays her for the use of the living room."

"She's not as bad as last year's," Win shouted. "Mrs. Bee hated us."

"I think Mrs. Mullins is quite fond of us," added Vera.

"Not us," said Mary. "Make it you. She'd like to poison me."

"The next one might be worse," said Betty. "Her letter says she's small and delicate. We'd probably have to do all the work."

"Anyway, we can't fire Mrs. Mullins now," said Helen, "after we've told her everything is all right."

"We can at least give her another try," June insisted.

"If we don't die in the attempt," added Eileen.

So it was agreed that we would cancel our prospects and carry on. Our only safeguard was that it was financially to Mrs. Mullins' advantage to keep a few of us alive.

Life continued as before, with the exception that the maid gave notice, and we began wooing Selective Service for another. The meals were the same dietetic nightmare. The dirt piled up. On Sunday, Mrs. Mullins' day out, in the process of making tea, we investigated the kitchen cupboards. There, in bowls and saucers, in every cupboard, we found little dabs and pats of the two weeks' meals. Mrs. Mullins was very thrifty. She saved food. That same day rumour number two started. Win told us that Mrs. Mullins had been discharged from the Dawnbeam Children's Home because she was a bad influence on the staff. One of Win's friends, whose father was on the board of directors, had told her so. That night the house was evenly divided, four to four, on the question of liquidating Mrs. Mullins. By next evening's indignation meeting, one of the nays had become a yea. Mrs. Mullins had thrown her arms around Betty at breakfast. She could stand being Betty dear on all occasions. She could endure being chided about not wearing stockings, and warned of the horrible fate in store for her legs. She could even bear looking at the specimen legs, but she would not be mauled at seven fifty-five a.m. Mrs. Mullins was through. Helen was delegated to inform her on the morrow.

All morning unhappy Helen planned her speech. We would have to endure the Mullins reproaches for a week. There would probably be poison in our cream of wheat. Lunch was a bleak repast. The conversation consisted of "Please pass me's". As Helen was steeling herself with a hand of bridge to strike the blow, Mrs. Mullins beckoned her out. Our eyes and ears followed them into the hall as we tried to carry on with bridge. Mrs. Mullins was so sorry, but she had been to the doctor yesterday, and he was ordering her into hospital. Her legs, you know. She hated to let us down, but the doctor despaired of her life if she didn't rest immediately. Helen beamed, and almost screamed with delight. Then she tried to straighten her face to a suitably grave and sympathetic expression. Of course, we would be frightfully sorry to lose Mrs. Mullins, but she mustn't jeopardize her health for us. After a good rest perhaps she would feel able to come back. Mrs. Mullins sniffled and choked, but Helen finally escaped. Never had we been so happy.

The next few days passed quickly. We were too pleased to notice the food. Mrs. Mullins seemed a bit subdued, and constantly reiterated that she had done her best for us. On Saturday she packed her car, and bid us each individually, and finally en masse, a tearful farewell. We put down our brooms and scrubbing brushes long enough to shake hands, and express our hopes for her health. We were a little ashamed of our hypocrisy, and everyone felt awkward until she left. Mary still maintained that her illness was only an excuse to leave before she was fired. Nobody was sorry to see her go.

We soon forgot all about Mrs. Mullins, however, in the difficulties of running the house ourselves, and entertaining a district president, redecorating a room and welcoming our new house mother. Mrs. Mullins was but a memory which was resurrected by the sight of scalloped potatoes. Then one afternoon a lawyer telephoned. "Was that the Beta Epsilon Omega Fraternity?" It was. What had we done now, was Helen's thought, as she stood at the telephone. "Had we employed a Mrs. Mullins as house mother this fall?" We had. Helen decided to be non-committal until she found where this was leading. Mrs. Mullins had just died in the Alexandria hospital, and in her will had left to the Beta Epsilon Omega one thousand dollars, to be used to improve the house. Helen gasped. "What did you say your name was? Are you a Gamma? Because we'll return your coffee right away." The

I Had The Wings of an Angel

By
W. D. Clark

One rainy June morning a fifteen passenger Canadian Pacific Airlines "Lodestar" gunned its huge twin motors on the wide runway of the Edmonton airport. Rain had been falling steadily, and was trickling in silver streams down the long smooth wing and falling in liquid icicles to the ground. The tarred cement beneath the wings was kept dry, however, by the wind of the propellers as they softly or loudly whirled in response to the roars of the engines. With each burst of the motor, puddles for twenty feet about the plane were whipped from sight, and the cement left dry as a bone.

After five or ten minutes warm-up, the snappy hostess closed the small, rear door and signalled to the pilot. Slowly the great air monster stirred itself. The tail moved gradually in a semicircle until the plane was headed toward the main runway. She gracefully slid down the glassy way, leaving in her wake a dry path which extended twenty feet or more behind the plane, and then closed in under a blanket of fresh rain. Once the nose was into the wind, the motors which had roared before broke into a tremendous thunder. Slowly, then faster, the lovely big bird continued to glide forward. The tail rose; the occupants tilted forward as the seats moved to an upright position. Less than ten seconds, more than seventy miles an hour, and we had left the earth for heaven.

Streets grew narrower, telephone poles grew shorter, houses become small square boxes with flat tops. Hedges turned into beautiful neat trimmings. Fences no longer showed need of repair. One quick look and the city was behind us.

Color made itself felt. Rain made the roads and summerfallow blacker than usual, and the crops greener than green ever was before. We went higher. Groves and houses and dozens of fields and pastures could be taken in all at a glance. Horses looked like bugs. Herds of cattle looked like small armies of slow-moving ants. Color was everywhere. Heavy, dark, grey clouds hung low above us, almost low enough to reach. But no one looked at them. Every eye was cast upon the brand new scenery below—the scenery of Edmonton's immediate district—scenery unrivalled.

Distance lent beauty to the landscape. Every item which could be seen at all was delicately chiseled. Machinery scattered care-

lawyer reaffirmed his sincerity, and told her to come to his office to sign the necessary papers. When they heard, the girls were stunned. After all the horrible things we'd said about Mrs. Mullins, after all we'd done to get rid of her, we couldn't accept the money. The majority, however, smothered their conscience. It would be unfair to future Omegas not to accept the gift. After much debate, it was decided to buy an elevator with the money in memory of Mrs. Mullins' legs, and to save the limbs of future house mothers. Committees were sent to interview elevator manufacturers, and a beautiful steel model, upholstered in cream leather with red and gold trim, was selected and installed.

So on that memorable Sunday we initiated it. After a solemn and moving ceremony, the girls took turns operating it. As Mary stepped out she remarked, "And when I think how hungry the poor old girl's heart was, I . . ."

"Yes," said Jean, "it makes me hungry for one of her meals."

And that is why each year at the Omega House we hold a Mullins day, when we serve undercooked, unseasoned, scalloped potatoes, dry bread, and raw apples for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

lessly in yards, wind-blown straw, weather-beaten shacks, straggly hay stacks, scrubby, cattle-trampled gardens—none of the distracting features of farms was visible. Only the top of the building, the circle of yellow that was the straw-stack, the straight even rows of the garden—only the outlines were distinguishable. Pastures were clean-cut and green; fences framed them. Streams were crystal threads winding and twisting in weird designs. There were no marshy, muddy shores, or ragged banks. Fields were perfectly cultivated, without weeds, wild oats, or gumbo patches.

Suddenly grey engulfed us. One moment, and the rain stopped. Overhead was a brilliant blue lit by a dazzling sun. Below were billowing, bulging blankets of downy, woollen fluff. Along their irregular surface flashed a patch of shadow, haloed by a beam of reflected light. For a few seconds we could see below us a railway track, a bridge, puffs of black smoke, and grey again. The shadow had for a moment disappeared. Later we were to amuse ourselves watching that shadow and its halo speed along below us. Soon it became small, a mere point, for we were 10,000 feet in the air.



A higher cloud bank would bring the shadow to life size again. Often it disappeared entirely for many minutes, when clouds extended too high to over-ride.

As we rode through them, the clouds were dazzling white. The rain was held in a lower layer. To look steadily out a window was more than the eyes could stand. A glance was enough, for the whiteness and brilliance of the dense clouds was blinding, like a welder's flame.

In an hour or less, after we had given up hope of seeing anything underneath the thick layer of clouds and were settling back in soft, plush-cushioned seats, our air hostess brought out a large paper cupful of strong coffee, one cheese and one jam sandwich, and an orange for each of the fourteen passenger. Eight of them were happy at the sight of food, for, most of them confided when they finished the ride, they had not risked very much breakfast. The remaining six were "waitresses", who didn't care to eat. They wanted to die. Some of us, judging from their appearance, their destination, and their profession, didn't care whether they did die or not. They were sick and we were sick of the sight of them.

At last the clouds cleared. We thought we would see some country, but we were partly wrong. The pilot banked and circled twice. One the ground below, we could see a gigantic number 4 on cement and gravel. The plane settled down and its occupants were told it would leave in twenty minutes. One short look-around—at fifty or sixty yellow trucks lined up like an army tentline for the O.C.'s parade, two or three groups of bewhiskered

men excitedly shooting crap, dozens of signs and slogans—and once more we were in the air.

The sky cleared after we had gone two hundred miles or so. On our left we could see in the hazy distance, brown, rough peaks. They stayed at the same distance for the better part of the trip, since our flight paralleled the mountain range. The tops were round and dark. As we progressed, they became rugged and streaked in color. White jagged tips came into view. But they did not come closer.

Below us the country had lost all its lived-in appearance. The colors had gone. All that remained were dreary greys and dismal browns. The many lakes and streams seemed turbid. Every bit of blue had left them. Trees looked scrubby for a distance, then disappeared altogether. We were over the great swamp country.

A young lad in the seat ahead suddenly started and pointed down. Below, down where the small shadow swooped over the earth was a thin crooked line, yellow brown in color, like dried clay. Our first view of the Alaska Highway. It twisted and turned, jointed like a child's meccano set. As the ground became more uneven, and the far-off snow caps drew nearer, the shaky line took on more kinks, doubled back, and went around. In three minutes we flew over what would be two hours of road. The quickest, easiest route had been chosen in almost every instance during construction.

Again we were wrapped in white. Five hours in the air had made the interior of the plane quite warm, but some of the seats were too perpendicular to sleep in. Some, however, did incline, and their occupants dozed delightfully. One straight-backed chair performed ideally the functions expected of an ordinary chair, but it was not until a scanty twenty minutes from the journey's end, an accidental kick on a small black lever let the back drop down two feet to form an A-1 makeshift bed.

Through odd breaks in the billowing sheets below, we could see rough mountain peaks jutting near us. What was ahead we could not see, the vision being limited by the set of the windows, to a side, the rear, and sometimes a downward view depending upon the angle of the plane. After almost seven hours in the air, our craft slowly lost altitude. Or else the mountains were getting bigger. We broke through a cloud bank and were startled to see on our right, not at the distant horizon, but within a stone's throw, the sheer, rocky side of a black mountain. The top was not visible. We were dangerously low. Not only had we dropped considerably, but we were still going down. The sign behind the pilot said, "Fasten Safety Belts". No one spoke. Only glances. They spoke—spoke more than words could have. Mountains were above us. Why? Could a clear patch be found to land on? There were no parachutes. Down, down, down, slower, slower; the sound of the engines was faint, but regular. A black shadow rushed up to meet us. It lost itself in a black streak of earth not twenty feet below. Earth! Smooth earth. Wheels kissed the surface gently. There was no crash or solid wall of rock, or clump of trees, or stream. It was cement.

The huge bird, having flown through a pass in the rocky barrier, stopped, and taxied up to the C.P.A. hangar. Seven hours, not a minute either way, from Edmonton to Whitehorse, Yukon.

Dedication

To the student writers at the University of Alberta we dedicate this Literary Supplement and this issue of The Gateway. We hope by this means to encourage other students to write and express their opinions through The Gateway and through other Canadian publications.

Pathfinder

By
Willard Laurie Joslin

This radio play by W. L. Joslin, a graduate in Arts from the University of Alberta in 1943, was broadcast over the CBC last fall.

Narrator: Canada has known many trail blazers. A casual hand, dipping down almost any where into the cauldron of Canada's simmering history, could bring forth a dozen names to conjure with. LaVerandrye, Kelsey, Lord Selkirk, Lagimodiere, McDonald . . . the roster reads on and on. They battled the elements . . . they endured hardships . . . They called on incredible reserves of stamina and courage, and they tamed this fierce land of ours so that those who followed their pioneer footsteps could turn its great strength to useful pursuits. Michael Rennie was one of these. Not so well known, perhaps, as those glorious names out of the far past, but a trail blazer, just the same . . . and a pioneer whose energy, courage and far-sightedness was second to none. Michael Rennie was of our times. His field of exploration was in the air—(Board fade)—and it seems appropriate that our story should begin on the grounds of the Edmonton airport.

Mrs. R.: Yes, gentlemen . . . just a thin shaft of granite pointing to the billowy clouds . . . white in the blue Alberta sky. And on it, his name and one other word—Pathfinder. I think that is what he would have wanted.

Del. 1: But surely . . . something a little more ornate . . . something that would—

Del. 2: Your son was a very important man, Mrs. Rennie.

Mrs. R.: Don't you think I realize that, gentlemen? Don't you suppose my pride in him is greater than yours could possibly be?

Del. 1: But it seems so plain, this simple monument—

Mrs. R.: It is like Michael . . . simple and straight and honest. It is what he would have wanted. I believe he would have been very proud to think you would erect it on the grounds of the civic airport, too. He always said that the Edmonton airfield would one day become the crossroads of the world.

Del. 2: Perhaps we could add a record of his achievements . . . a bronze plaque.

Mrs. R.: I'm sorry, gentlemen. You've asked for my suggestions, and I have told you what I think. I'm afraid you don't understand. None of you knew my boy, did you—personally, I mean? (Pause.) No, I thought not. You see, he was different from most other boys. For one thing, he never knew a father. Mr. Rennie died when Michael was a baby. He was a man before he was sixteen . . . up in the north country trapping . . . making a living for himself and for me. In spite of that, I never thought of Michael as a grown man until one spring—1915 it was—(Board Fade)—when he returned from the North with a light of purpose in his eyes.

Mrs. R.: But, Michael, you're so young! They want men for the Army—not boys!

Michael: They'll take me, alright. I don't look like a boy, do I?

Mrs. R.: Well . . . no. You're so big, and so brown. But, Michael . . . you've only just some home. It's bad enough when you're away up there in the North country. I worry about you all the time.

Michael: Gosh, Mother, you don't need to worry about me. I can take care of myself—up North, or in the Army. And I've got to go, you see? They need us all.

Mrs. R.: (Sighing) Yes, I suppose you're right, Michael. You usually are.

Michael: We've got to beat them, Mother—you can see that, surely. We've got to do it if it takes every man in the country—yes, and every boy, too.

Mrs. R.: Alright, son. (Board Fade.) But promise me you'll be careful. You're all I have . . . (Silent break.)

Mrs. R.: (Fading up) Yes, gentlemen, I admit it. I did my best to dissuade him. He was still under age. But Michael would have his way, and he went to the recruiting office to enlist. When he came home again he was glum and silent. I grew hopeful. He was only in a mood like this when he couldn't have his own way. (Board Fade.) It was like pulling teeth, getting the story out of him.

Michael: I told you they wouldn't take me, Mother. Isn't that enough?

Mrs. R.: (Gently) Won't you tell me? I don't like to see you feeling so hurt.

Michael: I'm not feeling sorry for myself, don't worry.

Mrs. R.: But you are, Michael. I can see it in your face. Won't you tell me what happened? Was it—your age?

Michael: Nope. It wasn't my age. I wish you'd let me think, Mother.

Mrs. R.: There's nothing wrong with you, is there? You're not sick, or anything?

Michael: I don't look like I was sick, do I, Mom?

Mrs. R.: Well, no—but . . .

Michael: I—well, I may as well tell you. I got flat feet.

Mrs. R.: Flat feet!

Michael: Yeah—I guess I'm just a physical wreck, eh, Mom?

Mrs. R.: (Chuckling) I wouldn't say that, Michael—but I am glad it's nothing more serious. Cheer up, son. Don't look so dismal.

Michael: Listen, Mother, this isn't something to laugh at. I said I was going to enlist, didn't I?

Mrs. R.: Yes, but . . .

Michael: Well—and I'm going to enlist, too. Haven't I always done everything I set out to do. (Growling.) Flat feet! All birds have flat feet, haven't they? D'you know what I'm going to do?

Mrs. R.: No—what?

Michael—I'm going to join the British Flying Corps.

Mrs. R.: The . . . British Flying Corps? But you don't know anything about flying, Michael.

Michael: I can learn, can't I? I'll ride a freight east. There's a recruiting party down East right now. (Board Fade.) It won't take me long to learn, Mom . . . and flying's the coming thing. Didn't you know? (Silent break.)

Mrs. R.: (Fading up) So Michael went East—and he had his own way again. He became a flier, and a fighter. I needn't tell you about his record in the war. He never wanted to discuss it, anyway. That wasn't the kind of flying Michael liked—flying to kill. I found out what he really wanted to do when he came home, after the war. (Board Fade.) He was a trifle more serious, perhaps, but otherwise he was the same boy who'd gone away with the fire of the cause in his eyes.

Michael: I've brought two friends back with me, Mom—two boys who flew with me over there. This is Billy Black. My Mother, Billy.

Black: Very pleased to meet you, Mrs. Rennie. Michael: And this is Jack Belmont—one of the sweetest fliers you could hope to see.

Belmont: We've heard a lot about you, Mrs. Rennie. And now we know it's all true.

Mrs. R.: (Laughing) I hope Michael hasn't been painting too bright a picture. But do come in and sit down, boys. You're welcome here any time—and right now I'm going out to make you a hot cup of tea.

Michael: Swell, Mom. We're all tired, I guess—and thirsty, too.

Mrs. R.: I'll be back in a minute, boys. (Fading.) Make yourselves comfortable.

Black: (With a sigh of contentment) A-ah! She's all you said she was, Mike.

Belmont: And more. But look, Mike—about that idea of yours. How can you fly airplanes around where there's nothing to land on but glaciers and mountain tops? I don't see . . .

Michael: But I tell you it can be done! In the winter we'll use skis, and in the summer we'll use pontoons. We can land on the lakes—there's hundreds of them.

Black: Yes, but what about the winter?

Michael: The lakes will be covered with ice, won't they? That's when we'll use our skis.

Belmont: It sounds crazy to me. Why—there must be millions of square miles of that North country—all looking the same from a plane.

Black: Yeah—perfect country to get lost in. Or crash into the top of a mountain.

Belmont: I think Mike's been having nightmares. I'd forget it if I were you, Mike.

Michael: No—listen, fellows. I'm dead serious. Do you want to be holed up in some dirty old office all the rest of your lives?

Belmont: No, but . . .

Michael—Then come with me. If the flying bug bites this country—and it will—we're all set. We can't miss.

Black: But, Mike—there's no market? How are you goin' to . . .

Michael: No market! Why do you think they built a railway north? I tell you, that north country is paved with solid gold.—and we're going to be the boys who bring it out. Some day the north will be the biggest development in this whole country. All it needs is a link with civilization—(Board Fade)—and we're going to supply that link.

Mrs. R.: (Fading up) I've already told you, gentlemen, that once Michael had his heart set on a thing there was no stopping him. His enthusiasm finally convinced his friends, who threw their lot with him. But it went even further. Michael's idea captured the fancy of several Edmonton business men. As you probably know, they advanced him the money to bring in two aeroplanes from the East. The boys called them the "Flying Box-cars". To me, they were rickety looking things, with one fragile wing set above the cabin. (Board Fade.) I suppose it was only natural that Michael made their first long trip.

Sound: Fade up airplane motor—distant at first, then coming in.

Belmont: That's Mike, alright! Boy, am I glad to see him back safe and sound!

Mrs. R.: You think you're glad! I haven't slept a wink since Michael left with that cargo of supplies.

Black: (Laughing) You'll have to get over that, Mrs. Rennie—or you won't be getting much sleep. This flight of Mike's is only the start. Pretty soon we're going to be flying all over that Northern sky!

Sound: Plane landing—noise up, drowning voices—then cut motor.

Belmont: (Off) Mike! Mike! How was it?

Michael: (Off) Like eating a piece of Mom's apple pie. And look what I brought back.

Belmont: Holy smoke! Furs! Look at 'em!

Black: Golly, Mike, there's enough furs there to make a mink coat for every woman in Edmonton!

Michael: (Chuckling) Well, maybe, but not quite—but it'll give you an idea what's in store for us. Any other way it would have taken weeks—maybe months—to get these furs out to civilization. And were those trappers glad to get the grub and stuff I brought!

Belmont: We're made, Mike! It's wonderful! We'll make those old Northern lights think they're right in the middle of Main Street!

Michael: (*Serious*) There'll be lots of headaches, Jack. They won't all be as easy as this.

Mrs. R.: (*Fading up*) Michael's right, boys. They won't all be as easy as this—and you'll have heartaches as well as headaches. But you'll pull through. You've got the right spirit—the pioneering spirit. You'll win out.

Michael: (*Board fade*) Good old Mom. How can we miss boys, with support like that behind us?

Mrs. R.: (*Fading up*) It was like Michael to say that—but as it turned out, the boys were going to need all the support they could possibly muster—both moral and otherwise. They spent the rest of that summer flying back and forth over the wild, forbidding North country, carrying trappers and prospectors and their supplies. It was exciting work, and the boys thrived on it as they never would have done “holed up in an office”, as Michael had put it. I like to think that no nation in the world can raise boys as capable as our Canadian lads—or as full of amazing ingenuity. (*Board fade.*) I remember Michael telling me about an accident they had once . . .

Sound: Fade up airplane motor on take-off—bring up to roar, then throttle down to coughing—idling sound.

Michael: (*Projecting*) It's that blamed propeller, Jack. Look at it! I knew we should have changed it before we took off from Edmonton.

Belmont: Busted, eh? We're in a fine spot now, Mike. How'd you like to spend the winter up North?

Sound: Cut motor.

Michael: It wouldn't be the first time—but we'll got out of here somehow.

Belmont: We will, eh? What are we going to do—borrow a set of wings from the first partridge that comes along?

Michael: Got your axe handy there, Jack?

Belmont: My axe? Sure, but . . .

Michael: Let me have it a minute, will you?

Belmont: Hey, wait a minute, Mike. If you're thinking of making a raft and floating home, there aren't any . . .

Michael: (*Fading*) I'm not going to make a raft. I'm going to cut us a propeller.

Belmont: You're—what!

Michael: I said I'm going to cut us a propeller. Here's a good hunk of pine—about the right size.

Sound: Chopping.

Michael: Come here, Jack, and give me a hand. Belmont: Good Lord! I thought I'd seen just about everything! (*Board fade.*) Mike, you're either a genius or just plain crazy! Whittling a new propeller out of a tree!

Mrs. R.: Well, the boys got home alright that time—makeshift propeller and all. It was just as simple as that. I'm telling you this so you'll have some idea of the difficulties they had to overcome. And there were more—many more. They couldn't rely on their compasses, because they were flying so close to the magnetic pole. Their maps were poorly charted and inaccurate. And remember, gentlemen, they were flying over our immense North country—with no lights or beams or beacons to guide them. How they kept from getting lost is something I'll never understand. The boys explained by saying they had six senses—the sixth one being for direction. But in spite of their carefree courage, I used to worry. Especially in the winter. I grew to hate the dull grey of the winter sky—the deep, soft drifts of snow. The boys didn't seem to share my fears, though. They kept on flying, summer and winter, and gradually other fliers joined their outfit..

You've heard of Michael's mercy flights, haven't you, gentlemen? I remember them well—every one. I suppose I recall them so vividly because each time he faced dangers that were both new and deadly—and

yet, he never failed to answer the appeal for help. (*Board fade.*) I don't think I'll ever get over the time he flew up to get that prospector who'd accidentally shot himself.

Black: Poor devil. Imagine it, Mike—lying up there is his cabin, with the bullet still lodged in his chest.

Michael: Yes—it was a lucky thing for him he was able to get to a short wave radio.

Black: What do you mean, lucky? That's adding insult to injury, if you ask me. He can't send himself out over the radio.

Michael: No, but he succeeded in getting word out, so we can fly in and get him.

Black: Who can fly in and get him! Do you realize what time of year this is, Mike? There isn't enough snow for skis, and the lakes won't be frozen hard enough to use wheels. How are you . . .

Michael: There's a little lake near there. Maybe the ice'll be hard enough. Tell the boys to put the wheels on my ship, will you, Billy?

Black: Are you crazy, Mike? You'll go straight to the bottom of that lake. It'll be at least a month before you can get in there—with either skis or wheels.

Michael: Maybe you're right, Billy. I thought of that—and then I thought of that poor guy lying up there with a bullet in his chest. If I was in his place, I'd be looking for help—and quickly.

Black: Now listen, Mike—I'm not going to let you go up there and break your fool neck, or maybe drown . . .

Michael: Have those wheels put on, will you, Billy? I'll take off in half an hour.

Black: Alright, you dope! (*Board fade.*) Only I'm a better swimmer than you are. I'm going with you!

Sound: Fade up plane motor—establish, then lower to BG.

Michael: There she is, Billy! Hang on. I'm going down.

Black: If you ever learned how to pray—do it now.

Michael: We'll be okay.

Sound: Motor throttled down.

Black: Look at that ice! It's as thin as tissue paper!

Michael: You're seeing things, Billy. It'll hold a house.

Black: Oh, yeah! (*Prayerfully*) Set her down easy, Mike. For the love of heaven, set her down easy!

Sound: Plane down for landing—sustain long enough to create suspense—then idling sound—then cut dead.

Black: Our Father, who art in . . .

Michael: Okay, Billy—you can open your eyes now. We're down.

Black: Down? It's impossible, Mike. Somebody must be holding us up.

Michael: (*Laughing*) Nope. We're down—and sitting here like a skyscraper on bedrock. Let's go get that prospector, Billy.

Black: (*Fading*) Yeah—let's get him and get out of here before we sink.

Mrs. R.: (*Fading up*) Well, they managed to land, alright. They had the wounded man aboard the plane in short order, too—but not quit soon enough. The ice still held, alright, but the wind died down—and it was a small lake, if you'll remember. (*Board fade.*) They ran into trouble on the take-off.

Sound: Motor up.

Black: Boy, it's a short run, Mike. Think you can make it without the wind?

Michael: We've got to try, Billy. Can't sit around here waiting for the breeze to blow.

Sound: Motor up to a roar—sustain.

Black (*Projecting*) Look out, Mike! You'll never clear those trees!

Sound: Motor only—then a slight crashing sound.

Michael: We made it, Billy! We're clear!

Black: Yeah, but you snagged the top of that big pine. Wait'll I have a look. (*Pause.*) Holy smoke!

Michael: What's wrong now?

Black: You've torn off one of the landing wheels!

Michael: One of the wheels? You sure, Billy?

Black: Sure I'm sure. We're sunk now, Mike. How're you going to land when you get home?

Michael: Maybe somebody'll lay out a nice soft cloud for us.

Black: This isn't funny, Mike.

Michael: I know it isn't. Do I look amused?

Black: No, but . . .

Michael: We're not home yet, Bill. Wait'll we get there. Maybe something will turn up.

Sound: Motor only—then fade out.

(*Silent break.*)

Sound: Motor up—hold in B.G.

Black: Well, there's the field, Mike. Now what?

Michael: See any nice soft clouds down there, Billy?

Black: Don't be crazy. This is serious.

Michael: Hold everything, Billy—including that prospector. I'm going to pancake in.

Black: Why didn't I listen to my friends when they told me you had an ivory head? Okay, Mike. Set her down.

Sound: Motor down gradually—sustain for a few minutes—then a crash.

(*Silent break.*)

Mrs. R.: (*Fading up*) Well, gentlemen, as you know, Michael made as perfect a pancake landing as it's possible to make. No one was hurt—except Michael, and all he got was a broken leg. That was bad enough, I suppose; but after he'd been in hospital for a few weeks, I discovered that he was more happy than hurt. (*Board fade.*) In fact, he was enjoying himself completely, there in the hospital.

Michael: Don't go yet, Mom. Stick around a minute. I've got something to tell you.

Mrs. R.: I really should be going, Michael. I've got some shopping to do before supper.

Michael: Aw, you can wait a minute. Y'know, Mom, I figure that pancake landing was the luckiest thing that ever happened to me.

Mrs. R.: You do?

Michael: Yep.

Mrs. R.: It certainly must have done something to you, anyway. Usually you're as grouchy as a bear—even if you only spend a day in bed with a cold. But you've been here for more than two months, and you're . . .

Sound: Door opening.

Susan: Oh, excuse me, Michael. I didn't know . . .

Michael: No—come on in, Sue. I was just talking about you, anyway. Mom, this is Susan Harvey. She's my nurse.

Susan: How do you do, Mrs. Rennie.

Mrs. R.: How—how are you, my dear? (*Pause.*) Well, Michael, I think I'm beginning to understand now.

Michael: Isn't she wonderful, Mom? You'd think I was the only patient in the hospital, the way she takes care of me.

Susan: Oh, now, Mike . . .

Mrs. R.: Hmmm . . . from the looks of things, Michael, there's more than appreciation in your eyes.

Michael: Can't fool you, can I, Mom? I never could.

Susan: Michael has told me so much about you, Mrs. Rennie. I almost feel that I've known you for a long time.

Mrs. R.: (*Laughing*) And somehow, I've got a feeling we're going to know each other better soon—very soon. (*Board fade.*) Is that the way it is, Michael?

Mrs. R.: (*Fading up*) And that's the way it was, gentlemen. Michael and Susan were married a month later, and Michael was happier than I'd ever seen him. His little wife seemed to know just what she was doing, all the time. She managed him—well, she managed him in a way I never thought possible—and she'd come to him just at the time when Michael needed that kind of management most. Throughout the twenties and early thirties, Michael's firm expanded and grew. He became the President of it, and also a partner in a mining company. Susan was a tower of strength to him in those boom days.

And then—almost overnight—the picture changed. A new type of airplane appeared in the North country—a plane that made

Michael's ships look tiny and out of date. They were bigger and roomier—built for larger loads and longer flights. (*Board fade.*) Both Jack and Billy urged Michael to buy a fleet of the new planes, but he scoffed at the idea.

Michael: Spend a small fortune buying new planes, when our own ships are almost as good as new? D'ye think I'm crazy? What's the sense in throwing over all our planes now?

Belmont: Because they're out-moded, Mike. They're too slow. They haven't any instruments . . .

Michael: Instruments! So you're getting that way, too, eh? Jack Belmont—a hothouse flier! That's funny. Why, any school-kid can fly one of those new crates. It takes a man to fly our ships—and a darned good man at that. Aren't I right, Billy?

Black: Sure. I guess so, Mike, only . . .

Belmont: We're not so young now, Mike. We can't take it like we used to. What's the use of beating our brains out with these old dodoes when we could be flying real ships—up-to-date ships? Besides, we're getting away behind the times.

Michael: If keeping up with the time means flying one of those new crates, count me out. The cockpits on those things give me the willies. I'd rather be grounded for good than fly one of those—those . . .

Belmont: That's definite then, is it Mike?

Michael: You bet it's definite.

Black: And you won't consider buying a fleet of the new ships?

Michael: I should say not. You can take it or leave it, boys. I'm having nothing to do with those new Lockheeds.

Belmont: Okay, then, Mike. If you want to run the business on the rocks, it's your look-out. I'm not sticking around to watch it crash. I got an offer from Consolidated, and I'm going to take it.

Black: Now, wait a minute, Jack. Maybe we can . . .

Michael: What's the idea, Jack? I never figured you'd be the one to let me down when we needed you most.

Belmont: Don't talk to me about letting us down, Mike. You're the one who's doing that. If you'd only get some sense and quit being so damned stubborn . . .

Michael: Stubborn, am I? Just because I . . .

Black: Aw, cut it out, fellows. We've been together too long to start fighting now. Let's call a meeting, and talk this over.

Belmont: As far as I'm concerned, we've done all the talking we need to do. I'm through. In another few months this company will be right back where it started from—without a dime! I'm going to work for an outfit that's got a little sense.

Michael: (*Angry*) Okay, then. If that's the way you feel about it, go ahead! Crawl off to your nice, soft job!

Belmont: Don't worry—I'm going. And when you finally come to your senses, Mike—if it's not too late—let me know, and I'll come back in a minute.

Michael: I wouldn't have you back here if you were the last airplane pilot on earth. (*Board fade.*) Now, go on—get going!

Mrs. R.: (*Fading up*) Michael was stubborn, alright. His friendship with Jack Belmont was strong, but not as strong as Michael's will. We all argued with him. Susan even went to Jack herself, and begged him to come back. But Jack was mad now, too. He said he wouldn't rejoin Michael if he pleaded with him on hands and knees. It was a peculiar thing, that feud. The boys never became actual enemies. There was a deep resentment burning inside both of them, but underneath it all, their friendship was as strong as ever. Perhaps even stronger, because of the tempering it was given by their break. We saw the proof of that, three months later, in the Fall. Jack Belmont crashed in one of those new planes—crashed during a terrible blizzard, just south of Aklavik. Appeals for help came out at first over his radio, but they gradually grew weaker and weaker. After he'd heard the

news of the crash, Michael wouldn't leave the airfield. He just sat there grimly—(*Board fade*)—reading the weather reports as they were flashed to him.

Sound: Fade up storm sounds—heard from inside.

Michael: Blast the weather! If this storm would only let up . . .

Black: It looks bad, Mike. It seems to be pretty general, too.

Michael: Yeah. (*Pause.*) I've been up in worse weather than this—and so have you. What's the matter with those Consolidated guys? Scared of a little wind?

Black: Calm down, Mike. They're having the greatest blizzard in their history, up around Aklavik.

Michael: So what? If a plane's down, are they going to sit around and wait till it's buried out of sight?

Black: What else can they do? Listen, Mike, since when did you start getting soft over a little thing like a crash? You'd think Jack was your baby brother, instead of . . .

Michael: Shut up, Billy—when I need a sermon, I'll ask for it.

Black: Okay, okay. You don't have to blow up about it.

Sound: Storm sounds only.

Michael: What's wrong with those Lockheeds the Consolidated outfit has? I thought they were supposed to be able to take it. Maybe Jack can see my part of the argument, now.

Black: They can take more than our old crates, Mike—but there's a limit to everything, don't forget. You couldn't even take off in weather like this.

Michael: Who says so?

Black: I do. And you know it's true. If you hadn't been so blamed stubborn, Jack wouldn't be lying out there in the snow right now—and we'd still be sitting pretty, instead of playing second fiddle to Consolidated.

Michael: Shut up, and let me think.

Black: Thinking won't do you any good now, Mike.

Michael: No.

Black: No. And you know it.

Michael: Okay, then. I'll quit thinking and get busy. Tell the mechanics to gas up my ship, Billy—and see if you can dig out my flying togs. It's going to be cold up there.

Black: You don't have to show off to me, Mike.

Michael: I'm not showing off. I'm going up there to look for Jack. Come on, now—get busy.

Black: Don't be a fool, Mike! It's suicide!

Michael: Get that ship gassed up, Billy, and quit arguing.

Black: Now look, Mike—you won't last five minutes in that storm! Are you crazy, man? Wait till it's over, and you can . . .

Michael: By that time Jack'll be dead, or frozen stiff. Go on, Billy. Get my stuff.

Black: Yeah, but Mike! . . . listen!

Michael: Get my stuff! (*Pause.*) That's better. And tell Mac to gas her up good. I'll need every drop.

Sound: Storm up—then fade out.

(*Silent break.*)

Sound: Storm up—outside.

Michael: (*Projecting above storm*) Susan! What are you doing out here? Go on back to the hanger before you catch cold!

Susan: Billy told me what you were going to do, Michael. Listen to me. You're not to do it, Michael. You can't do it!

Michael: I've got to try, Susan. Jack's out there somewhere—hurt . . .

Susan: Let the others go after him, Michael! You can't go in this storm. I'm . . . I'm frightened, Michael. You'll never make it!

Michael: Look, Susie—I'm sorry. But you mustn't worry, sweet heart. I've been up in worse weather than this.

Susan: Worse than this? It couldn't possibly be worse than this! Oh, Mike! Don't go, please! I need you. I can't get along without you. I've tried not to interfere all these years—waiting and watching, never knowing when somebody would come and tell me you'd crashed. But this time I can't stand it, Mike. I'm frightened. I've got a feeling I— I may never see you again.

Michael: I've got to go, Susan. Don't make it any harder for me.

Susan: Why do you have to go? Why can't Billy go—or someone from Jack's own company?

Michael: (*Quietly*) They'd be too late, Susan—and Jack would be dead. Don't you see, sweetheart? I've got to go. He was my friend.

Susan: (*Breaking down*) Oh-h-h . . . Michael!

Michael: Now, dry those tears, Susan, and get back inside where you'll be warm. I'll be back before you know it.

Susan: (*Quietly sobbing in B.G.*)

Michael: (*Off*) Goodbye, darling! I'll be back. (*Way off*) I'll be back.

Sound: Wind only for a few seconds—then sound of coughing motor overrides it—motor catches—roars, then fades—cut all sound. (Silent break.)

Sound: Hum of motor—low but steady—in B.G. behind the following.

Mrs. R.: Michael flew away into the storm that day like a great, fretting bird in search of its young. We—we never heard from him again. As you know, the search went on long after the storm had spent itself, but none of the air searchers found a trace of either Michael or Mr. Belmont. It seemed strange to us then, since Michael had always said that when he wanted to die he would fly alone into the North.

Sound: Cut motor.

You gentlemen probably know that it was a Redcoat—a sergeant of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police—who found the wrecked planes. They were practically hidden in the bush when he found them—at the edge of a little clearing. As soon as the news came out, Billy and Mac, who was Mike's mechanic, flew North to bring back what they could. The two planes (*Board fade*) were not much more than 30 feet apart, Billy told us.

Black: Trust Mike to bring her down right on the spot, Mac. That guy had eyes like a hawk. He must have known he'd never be able to take off again, either.

Mac: Yeah. He probably figured they'd be able to wait for help in the cabin of his plane.

Black: Queer sort of a crackup, isn't it, Mac?

Mac: Never seen one like it. Sa-ay! You know what that ship reminds me of—up on its tail—resting on a busted wing like that?

Black: No.

Mac: It's a sort of like—a cross. See, Billy? Somehow I hate the thought of moving these boys. That's a more appropriate tombstone than they'll get anywhere else.

Black: Yes—I see what you mean. (*Pause.*) You know how it looks to me, Mac? It looks like Mike got killed in the crackup, and Jack—with his legs busted—dragged himself over to Mike's plane. I wonder if he knew it was Mike?

Mac: Yeah. Yeah, I think he did. (*Board fade.*) Who else but Mike Rennie would be out lookin' for him on a day like that?

Mrs. R.: (*Fading up*) I suppose—that's the end of Michael's story, gentlemen. As for Susan—well, since the call for nurses has once more become so urgent, Susan has gone back into the hospital to finish her training. I think perhaps the purpose of her work is even clearer to her now. Do you understand Michael better now, gentlemen? You must know that most of the development taking place in our North country today has resulted from the hard and dangerous work done by Michael and his fellow airmen—those pioneers who blazed the air trails past the Northern Lights. If they had not provided us with the key to this vast storehouse, we might still be blissfully unaware of its existence.

Above all else, though, Michael was a man. He did what he did, not for the glory, but because there burned in him a spirit of adventure and a lust for life. He avoided the fanfare and the glory while he was living—and I know he'd prefer simplicity now. That's why I suggest—just the pillar, his name—and one word—"Pathfinder".

Drafting of Musical Association Act Suggested

Music Club Asks Separate Rep. or Reorganization of Literary Association

Council Votes Honorariums to Treasurer, Secretary

APPOINT GATEWAY EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Several members of the 1944-45 Council were present at the meeting of the Students' Council on Wednesday evening, March 15. The meeting was called to order shortly after seven by Gerry Amerongen, President of the Union. The Secretary, Jack Forster, read the minutes of the previous meeting.

The first item of business on the agenda was the appointment of the Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway for 1944-45. This position will be held by Don Cormie next year.

Hon. Mr. Jusice Ford Congratulates Fr. Club On Successful Year

The following is the address given on March 2nd at the Cercle Francais banquet, by the Hon. Mr. Justice Ford, Chancellor of the University of Alberta:

Monsieur le President, Mesdames et Messieurs:
Je suis bien reconnaissant de l'honneur que vous m'avez fait en m'envoyant à assister à votre dîner annuel. J'ai toujours un grand plaisir d'avoir l'occasion de rencontrer les membres du Cercle Francais de l'Université d'Alberta dont j'ai l'honneur d'être Chancelier. Je vous félicite du succès que le Cercle a eu cette année, et surtout du progrès fait à l'avenir.

A mon avis il devient progressivement plus important pour l'unité du Canada que plus de nos citoyens apprennent les langues des deux grandes races qui ont colonisé notre grand pays. A mon opinion il deviendra de plus en plus utile en affaires, non seulement au Canada, mais par tout le monde d'être capable de parler le français et l'anglais. Mais outre les affaires utiles c'est une chose agréable et satisfaisante que d'avoir ouvert à nous la littérature et la culture au moins de deux langues vivantes.

Permettez-moi aussi de faire la propagande en faveur de l'Ecole de français oral de Banff, une section du département d'Extension de l'Université. Si vous y allez, vous aurez le grand avantage d'étudier sous la direction non seulement du Professeur Cru, mais de sa charmante épouse, que nous avons le plaisir d'avoir parmi nous ce soir.

Encore une fois, mes amis, je vous remercie, je vous félicite et je vous souhaite toutes les bonnes choses pour l'avenir.

Summer Jobs In Cafeteria For Students

During the summer months, there will be a few positions in the Cafeteria available to students. In addition, part-time positions will be available during the regular 1944-45 session.

Any women students who are interested should apply to Mr. G. B. Taylor, Assistant Registrar, not later than April 15th, 1944.

Other factors being equal, preference will be given to the students with the best academic record.

Commerce Club Elects Campbell President, Announced at Banquet

The Commerce Club ended its year's activities with a bang on Friday, March 10. The affair was in the form of a banquet and dance, held at the Corona Hotel. Brother Ansbert, rector of St. Joseph's College, said grace. The speaker of the evening, Mr. G. A. Elliott, of the Political Economy Department, and Honorary President of the Commerce Club for 1943-44, was introduced to the gathering by Morley Tanner, President of the club.

The members of the club showed their interest in this last entertainment for the year by turning out almost 100 percent strong. Several members of the faculty were also present: Brother Ansbert, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Hewatson, and Mr. and Mrs. C. King.

According to tradition, the Freshman class again presented a skit, this year in the form of a musical quiz, "The Kommerce Kollege of Musical Knowledge," under the direction of Judy Shapiro, the Freshman representative on the executive.

With Frank ("Deacon") Quigley leading and Archie Campbell at the piano, the Commerce gang gave forth with some lusty renditions of the Varsity Song, and several Com-

merce songs set to the tune of the Varsity song and "My Gal, she is a Queen."

Frank ("Moneybags") Murphy sent his audience out of this world with three piano solos—thirty would not have been too many. And during the evening, Jim McPhail showed his versatility at the keyboard also.

The results of the club elections, which had been held secret for almost a week, were announced during the evening by the president. Next year the reins of the Commerce Club will be in the hands of Archie Campbell as president, with Helen Plasteras as vice-president, Dave Bentley as secretary-treasurer, Dorothy Montgomery as Senior Representative, and Craig Stewart as Junior Representative. The Freshmen will elect their representative in the fall.

The evening was completed by dancing till midnight. For further details about what happened later, we suggest that you contact the members themselves. However, the general opinion is that everyone had a good time, and we are sure that the graduands will have very pleasant memories to carry with them of the 1944 banquet and dance.

Whether the above picture, sign, poster, caricature, writing or printing, or other thing is lewd, indecent or suggestive shall be a matter of fact to be determined by the Enforcement Committee.

An amendment to Standing Resolution No. 8 was moved. This resolution is with regard to the Students' Union Accountant: Duties, salary and hours of work. The accountant must be in the Union office from 10:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon, and from 1:30 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. every day except Saturday, except between April 15 and September 15, when the hours of work are from 10:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon and from 3:30 p.m. to 3:30 p.m. each Tuesday and Friday. The duties are to keep books for the Union, Gateway, Evergreen and Gold and the University Rink, to prepare for posting within twenty-four hours after any Students' Union meeting, the minutes

of the said meeting, under the direction of the Union Secretary. The Accountant shall not without the consent of a member of the executive undertake any errand or other work for any club or member of the Union unless such errand or other work be clearly included in any of the subsections of the resolution. Remuneration for this position is 970 per annum, made up as follows: \$100 per month from October to March inclusive, \$65 per month for April and September, and \$35 per month for the remaining months.

The general opinion as evidenced by the questionnaire regarding honorariums is that five student officials should receive honorariums. These positions are President, Secretary and Treasurer of the Union, and Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway, and Director of the Evergreen and Gold.

In all other positions, the balance of opinion is decidedly in favor of points.

It was moved that the Union Treasurer and Secretary be paid an honorarium starting with 1943-44. The Secretary, Jack Forster, moved an amendment to the effect that the Secretary be paid starting next year. The amended motion was defeated, and the original motion passed. The amounts decided on for this year were \$75 and \$50 for Treasurer and Secretary respectively.

Bob Schrader, President of Men's Athletics, gave a brief report on the athletic conference held at Saskatoon last week-end. For a full report on this see the Sports Page.

It was moved that the budget of the Dramatic Society be increased up to the amount of \$15 for the purpose of providing for a gift for Sydney Risk, who has been acting in the capacity of adviser to the Dramatic Society this past year.

Bob Schrader moved that Council recommend to next year's Council that if a director of athletics is required for next year, that Stan Mohr be favorably considered for the position.

Due to the fact that only the Commerce Club had sent in a suggestion for the Arts and Science representative, the business of appointing a student for this position was left for the next Council meeting, by which time it is hoped that several of the other faculty clubs will have sent in their suggestions.

The meeting adjourned at 8:45 p.m.

Year Book Won by Gray, C. Carlson

Evergreen and Gold wishes to announce the winners of its photo contest, held during the past few weeks. Hundreds of snaps were received, and the judges had great difficulty in deciding just who should receive the two coveted prizes. Finally, they chose Doug Gray and Clarence Carlson, whose entries exhibited true candid appeal. The winners will be duly informed, and will receive the prizes of two copies of the 1944 Evergreen and Gold, as previously announced. No more candid shots can be accepted now, as the pictorial pages have been completed. The staff of the Year Book wishes to thank all of the camera fans who have carried on in the face of numerous shortages, and have made possible a pictorial section that will equal, if not surpass, those of former years.

Feature Skits, Songs at Supper Meeting of Le Cercle Francais

On March 2 the Cercle Francais held its annual banquet at the Corona. Fifty-six guests attended, giving evidence that the club has really blossomed forth this year. The banquet was organized by the executive: Alex Snowdon, president; Doris Kirk, vice-president; Margery Jones, secretary; Joan Fraser, Barbara Fish, and Lois McQueen.

The Cercle was happy to have as "invité d'honneur" Honorable Justice Ford and Mrs. Ford, Professeur and Mme. Cru, Mlle. Faunt, Mme. Crevolin, and M. and Mme. Michaud.

The president, Alex Snowdon, was an excellent master of ceremonies. What with his booming voice, ruddy countenance and cheerfully persuasive manner, he kept the program on the move. Between courses, we sang our favorite French songs under the inspired baton of M. Cru and Elsie Tanner's fine accompaniment.

Hon Justice Ford gave a few words, and Doris Kirk followed up with a talk on "Les traditions du Cercle Francais." Gwyn Jones chose for her solo number, Victor Hugo's "Berceuse" set to Gounod's music.

Barbara Fish directed a "saxophone" in which two tourists, Alex Snowdon and Verona Elder, did some fancy, synchronized bouncing in an old car. Alex knocks over a peasant, badly crushing the man's foot. The peasant, John Mayhew, claims 15,000 francs' damage. "Do you take me

for a millionaire?" gulped Alex. "Do you take me for a centipede?" snarled John. Then followed impromptu skits by the other members. (Did you notice Gordon Clark's antics? We saw him performing for Dr. Sheldon, t'other day, with the same results.)

Mlle. Faunt expressed a few words of thanks to all those who had encouraged the club's efforts. She voiced our whole-hearted thanks to Mme. Cru, who had been prevailed upon to give a "causerie" at a club meeting, scarcely having arrived in the city. Mme. Cru's topic dealt with Brittany, and because she gave novel side-slants on it, the topic proved to be most interesting to the students. Mme. Cru's diction is sweet music to the students' ears, and they hope to have the opportunity of hearing her many times more.

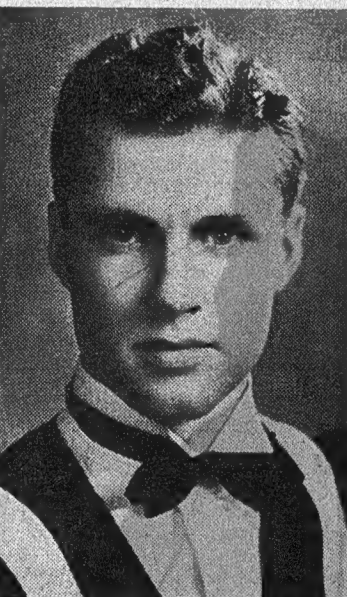
The Cercle had a successful year, partly due to the organizing ability of Alex Snowdon, and partly due to the ambitious members who faithfully attended meetings on the grounds of hearing and participating in French Club sessions (and without the lure of coffee and do-nuts).

And because the Cercle dates back to the early twenties, has been made vital by such people as Dr. Mark Levey, M. de Savoye and Glen Shortliffe—and as a group it is really jolly, we wish the Cercle: Ad multos annos!

Ad multos annos!

Ad multos annos!

1944-45 GATEWAY CHIEF



DON CORMIE
who was recently appointed next year's Editor-in-Chief is a fourth year Law student.

Marg. Hayes, Jim Spillios Re-Elected

The Dramatic Society held its last meeting of the year on Friday, March 17th, in the banquet room of the new Cafeteria. About thirty members picked up their trays for supper, and gathered in the room, where daffodils and yellow candles gave a spring-time note to the tables. Miss Marguerite Hayes was in charge of arrangements. Miss Alice Ackroyd recited Pauline Johnson's "Qu'Appelle?" A quiz game was enjoyed. Then elections took place, the following members being elected: Marguerite Hayes, president; Jim Spillios, vice-president; Bob Pulleyblank, secretary; Dorothy Ward, treasurer. Miss Hayes, continuing as president, spoke of the splendid co-operation she had had from the executive of 1943-44. After a number of games, the party broke up about nine o'clock.

Belzil Elected President at Annual Law Banquet; Guest Speaker, Mr. Cairns

Under the efficient presidency of Bob Black, the Law Club brought its social activities to a successful conclusion by holding a luncheon at the new Cafeteria on Friday, Feb. 18. The luncheon was attended by the students and the entire faculty of Law, L. Y. Cairns, K.C., addressed the jurists by relating his unique experience in a criminal trial of an Eskimo. Gerry Amerongen, on behalf of the graduating class, extended words of thanks and appreciation to the faculty.

Following the luncheon, the students moved to the Law Library, which incidentally is in Arts 206, and in true model of democracy, elected the officers for the forthcoming term. Roger Belzil was elected by acclamation to the office of president, whereas Chester Burns will do honors as Law Representative on the Students' Council, and at the same time hold the position of vice-president of the club. Edmund Jorre de St. Jorre will hold the job of treasurer, and Joe Shooter will keep the minutes for the club.

Although the Law Club is not large—only 17 in number—their spirit compensates for their size, as was only too well illustrated by the unprecedented amount of cash turned over by the club in support of the Christmas Fund, and the memorable "Pistol Packing Mama" performance at the theatre during the Ladies' Daze week-end.

In conclusion, it may be said that this is the hardest working, most enthusiastic group of students on the campus. Any time between 8 a.m. and 10 p.m. will find these industrious students in the Law library behind their piles of books, carrying on a valuable work both to the University and the community.

Theologs Elect Larue President

At a special meeting held in St. Stephen's College on Wednesday, March 15, the Theolog Club elected the following executive for the year 1944-45:

Hon. President: Dr. A. D. Miller.
President: Gerry Larue.
Vice-President: Art Boorman.
Secretary: Bill Archer.
Treasurer: Art Magee.

An Arts representative will be elected at the beginning of the next term.

Plebiscite Shows Students Prefer Both Points and Honorariums

Following are the results of the questionnaire distributed at the time of the Students' Union election, held on March 7:

Should Treasurer's Honorarium be restored?—Yes, 622; No, 174.

Should Union Secretary get Honorarium?—Yes, 518; No, 236.

Which do you prefer that students officials be given—Honorariums, 110; Points, 290; Both, 355.

How do you prefer giving recognition to the following officials:

	Honorariums	Points	Both
President	335	305	125
Vice-President	165	530	60
Treasurer	410	210	150
Secretary	358	268	135
President M.A.A.	68	649	165
Secretary M.A.A.	57	672	14
President W.A.A.	66	666	19
Secretary W.A.A.	50	574	17
Editor Gateway	427	175	165
Sub-Editor Gateway	163	523	53
Director Year Book	421	180	166
Assistant Director Year Book	202	489	68
Editor Year Book	271	406	77
Photographer	128	368	46
Secretary Year Book	191	612	47

University of Manitoba Denies Racial Prejudice Charges in Legislature

Avukah Society Makes Three Recommendations

OBJECT TO BASES FOR ADMISSION

(Via C.U.P.)

Charges made before the Manitoba Legislature's special committee on education, that students were rejected from the medical faculty of the U. of Manitoba on racial grounds, were denied Thursday by Mr. Justice K. Dysart, chairman of the Board of Governors, Dr. Mathers, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, and President Smith. The charges were contained in a brief presented on behalf of the Avukah society, an organization of Jewish graduates and undergraduates of the University. University officers were unable to answer the charges contained in the brief, but presented statements on general policy in the selection and rejection of students, and asked permission to make a written reply to the brief, which will be presented Monday. The member of the legislature from Edselbert, Manitoba, said that representations would be made at Monday's meeting on behalf of the Ukrainians. Permission was also granted Lawyer Sokolov, who presented the Avukah brief, to summon witnesses on Monday. The brief declared that a proposal to limit the number of medical students was decided on in 1932, and that in the admission of applicants to medicine, a vicious and bigoted system has been adopted and practiced since. It also stated that this applies not only to Jewish students, but to 40 percent of the population, including Ukrainian, Dutch, Mennonite, Polish and other large ethnic groups. It charged that the basis of admission is not scholarship or other reasonable objective standards by which logical processes should constitute a qualification, but race. It charged also that when the committee sits on selection it has before it four lists, one for Jewish applicants, one for women applicants, one for Anglo-Saxons, French-Canadians and Icelanders, and one for other groups. According to the brief, a definite quota is furnished by Dr. Mathers to other members of the committee for the Jewish, women's and miscellaneous lists, and when this quota is filled the balance of admissions is then taken from the preferred list. Mr. Sokolov stated that he had in his possession a list which shows cases of Jewish students whose averages were as high as 75% who were not accepted, but also shows cases of preferred students with averages of 60% and less who were accepted. Some of these students, he said, did not even pass their last examinations clear, but had one or more failures.

Mr. Sokolov said: "The system is to fill the balance of admissions from the preferred list. It makes no difference how far the committee has to go in order to complete the preferred quota, and if the students are not otherwise eligible they are sent to a special summer school, or are given an opportunity to try the examinations again so they may meet the academic requirements. Needless to say, this special privilege is not given to any students in the non-preferred list." The brief recommended: (1) That the system of quotas be abolished; (2) that in order to discourage the future use of the unofficial quota system, the names of the students in order of their class standing be published, omitting those who failed to avoid embarrassment, as is done at the University of Toronto and other Canadian universities; (3) that scholarship should be the primary basis upon which students are accepted.

The parade finished in front of the Power House with a rally. Engineer songs were sung, and their yell was given. There was only one dissenting slide-ruler, Mac Corkum, who was forcibly deprived of one-half of his carefully nursed moustache, and incidentally lathered from head to foot.

Most of the Engineers voted. The presidency of the E.S.S. was closely contested. Anatole Roshko defeated his rival, "Red" Anderson, by three votes. Al Spence secretary and Art Howard is treasurer.

Meds and Dents Ambush E.S.S. Annual Parade

Anatole Roshko E.S.S. Pres.

On Tuesday, March 14, the campus shook to the pitter of little feet, namely, those of the Engineers, while they staged their annual shenanigans and what have you: a long parade of bristled individuals carrying signs, some tottering under kegs of beer (?) and so on. The parade started at the South Lab, wound through the corridors of the Arts Building and across the campus to the Med. The Meds and Dents were lying in ambush on the second floor staircase, or leaning obliviously out of the window that overlooks the men's entrance. Paper bags full of water proved to be very effective weapons when well directed. These missiles were dumped on the heads of the unsuspecting beermen as they filed through the entrance below.

Soon a great gnashing of teeth, wailing and rending of garments was heard as the Engineers discovered the plot. The beermen ran in through the rear delivery entrance. The Meds were on their toes. Dirt bombs landed right on the target as they were hurled from above. The Engineers then made a grand tour of the Med Building, climaxed by a lively, but sloppy, water fight on the second floor corridor.

Ron Helmer proved to be the most battered victim of the parade. His enchanting feminine hairdress (sting to you) was drenched; all his make-up was washed off (he said), and replaced with a technique that bespoke great experience.

The costumes were something weird to behold, running from loud pajamas to amply upholstered female impersonations. Each Engineer wore a bow-tie of a bilious hue; two men carried a beer keg. Muriel Smith (Butch), the lone woman Engineer, starred in a majorette costume and led the band. The signs made by the beermen with their own ill-white hands demonstrated their traditional subtle (?) sense of humor. Their efforts were profusely decorated with Varga girls, liquor bottles, etc.

The parade finished in front of the Power House with a rally. Engineer songs were sung, and their yell was given. There was only one dissenting slide-ruler, Mac Corkum, who was forcibly deprived of one-half of his carefully nursed moustache, and incidentally lathered from head to foot.

Most of the Engineers voted. The presidency of the E.S.S. was closely contested. Anatole Roshko defeated his rival, "Red" Anderson, by three votes. Al Spence secretary and Art Howard is treasurer.

NOTICE TO AWARD WINNERS

Please watch for signs in the Arts and Med rotundas announcing the arrival of the pins, rings and crests.

JACK FORSTER,
Secretary, Students' Union.

Spasm Stars Dr. Argue as Aproned House Wife; LaZerte and Salter as Insect Exterminators

On Thursday, March 16, at 6:30 p.m., the Faculty of Education held a highly successful banquet. Toastmaster Lawrie Fisher proposed a toast to the King; Louise Roseborough proposed a toast to the Graduates, and this was responded to by Jack Yates. Marjorie Parsons toasted the Faculty, in her own inimitable way, and Dr. Argue replied in his own inimitable way. Guest speaker for the evening was Hon. Solon E. Low, Minister of Education, who was introduced by Dr. LaZerte. In his address, Mr. Low stated that there are signs of progress in Alberta's educational system, and that an encouraging future lies in store for education. Musical selections were rendered by Ruth Drew, vocalist, and Steve Hencley, violinist.

A tabloid illustrating the rigors of a day in education was presented by the executive. This included a lecture in Educational Philosophy, admirably presented by Dr. Argue, at the tune of "Put that Dewey down, Sir." Next was a demonstration by Dr. LaZerte of his remarkable in-

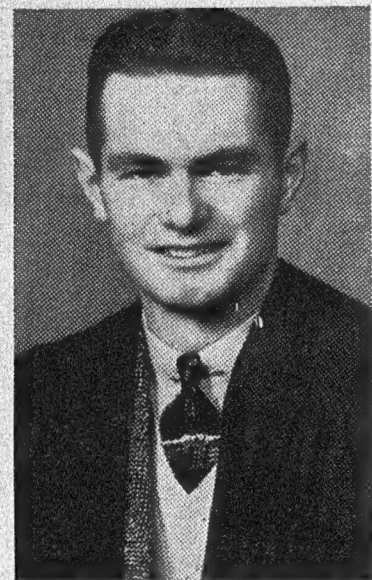
vention, the Problem-Solving Machine. (Acknowledgment is hereby made to St. Stephen's College for loaning its wringer and draperies for this event.) Following this, Professor Salter skillfully analyzed three "original" poetry stylings. This was followed by a scene in a futuristic plastic, community school, showing a class in Elementary Mathematics, 2244 A.D.

The next spasm, an episode from "Truth and Consequences," starred Dr. Argue in the role of a housewife, resplendent with frilly apron, egg-beater and four egg-whites. Meanwhile, Dr. LaZerte and Professor Salter filled in as insect exterminators. Three new Education songs, composed by Beryl McLeod and Steve Hencley, were sung by the group. The evening was brought to a close by dancing.

To Betty Tregale and Russell Baeristo, the social convenors, thanks are due for the organization of the banquet, as well as to the rest of the executive, for place cards and other arrangements. It was a fitting climax to the year's work in Education.

Succeeding President . . .

It is indeed a pleasure to have the opportunity to thank you, on behalf of the Students' Council of 1944-45, for your expression of confidence in us. We are just beginning to realize some of the difficulties we will be up against but, as a group, we feel that we will be able to work in harmony in the solution of any problems that may arise.



Right at the beginning of our term of office I would like to emphasize a desire for close co-operation with the individual members of the Students' Union. We want to know your problems, we want your criticisms—don't be afraid to voice your opinions to Council members, and if you have some worthwhile idea, make sure that it is brought up through your faculty representative or through someone on the executive.

Let us realize also that to have a successful year next year we will have to work together. Our extra-curricular activities are not our prime purpose for being at University, but they do form a very important part of our University life. Let us all, in the coming year, use our spare time to the best possible advantage in making these clubs and functions a success.

Also at this time, a few words of appreciation to last year's Council is certainly in order. Granted they were criticized at times, but who of us is entirely above reproach. I imagine that few of us realize the time and effort they have spent in performing their duties. Thanks, to them, for a fine job well done.

Finally, a wish for success in the coming exams, and we will see you all in September.

ALF HARPER.

Now It Can Be Told . . .

This is the tale of a pair of trousers. One day The Gateway staff were amazed to find a pair of grey flannel trousers reposing on the Editor's desk. Where they came from or how they got there was not known, but there was a great amount of speculation amongst the staff members. Some thought that perhaps someone was going about the corridors pantless, others were on the alert for a man in a barrel. The trousers indicated that the owner was short, also that he was not thin.

Days passed and no owner was found. The Gateway prepared a notice for the paper: "Will the gentleman who left his pants in The Gateway office please call for them." It was not necessary to print this notice, however, for a certain professor, famed for his knowledge of the infinite intricacies of numbers, happened to see the trousers in the office and claimed them. He had left them there, wrapped in a newspaper and ready for the cleaners, after he had used The Gateway phone.

So ends the tale of the trousers.

FLASH!

Gateway Reps — Helen Plasteras and Nancy Thompson—win Varsity Radio Quiz.
Elsie Tanner, Music Club Rep., is high scorer for the entire contest.

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B.G.B. Hears Leonora Pearson At Final Meeting

"Women in the Post-war World" was the topic of a paper given by Leonora Pearson at the final meeting of the Women's Political Economy Club (B.G.B.) on Tuesday, March 7th, at the home of Prof. and Mrs. H. W. Hewitson. A lively discussion followed the most interesting paper. Members of the Freshman class in Commerce attended the meeting. They will become members of the club next fall.

"Career vs. home and family," "husband in the kitchen and wife at the factory," combining "home and career" were some of the questions discussed.

Results of the elections for next year's executive were: President, Jean Pritchard; secretary-treasurer, Helen Plasteras; archivist, Orah Johnson.

Mrs. Hewitson, Mrs. G. A. Elliott and Mrs. A. Stewart, wives of members of the Department of Political Economy, who have entertained the club at its monthly meetings, were presented with initialed coffee spoons by Kent Hutchison on behalf of the club.

Hours For Union Office Announced

The Students' Council would like to bring to the attention of the students the fact that the office is open from 10 a.m. to 12 noon and from 1:30 p.m. to 5 p.m., except Saturdays.

After April 15th the hours will be changed. The office will be closed except on Tuesdays and Fridays from 10 a.m. to 12 noon and from 1:30 p.m. to 3:30 p.m. These hours will continue until September 22, when the Union will again resume regular business hours.

There is not enough business during the summer to warrant keeping the office open any longer than the above hours, so if you have any business to transact after April 15th, call in or phone on Tuesdays and Fridays. The Gateway and Evergreen and Gold offices will be closed all summer, and all business will go through the Students' Union until the opening of the fall term.

Noted Lecturer From Jerusalem Visits U.A.

DR. FISCHEL INTERESTS LARGE FACULTY, STUDENT AUDIENCE

Dr. Walter J. Fischel, Professor of Oriental Studies at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, was a distinguished visitor at the University on Wednesday, March 15th. He addressed a large audience of faculty members and students on "The Revival of the Middle East." He was introduced by Mr. Joe Busheiken, President of the Sigma Alpha Mu Fraternity. Mr. Fischel spoke of his travels in Syria, Iraq, Iran and Afghanistan. All of these countries have countless historical and archaeological associations, and remnants of old civilizations at Ur, Kish and Nineveh under such rulers as Darius, Cyrus and Xerxes, may still be seen. There are living remnants, too, in the many races of people living in these areas that are thought of as the cradle of mankind, and the birthplace of religions. There are three main classes of people, namely, the Arabs, Turks, and Iranians or Persians. There are Jews, Oriental Christians, Assyrians and Copts. Dr. Fischel then spoke of the transformation which is going on in these countries of the Middle East. There is a trend towards westernization, a trend towards secularization, and there is a revolution in their mode of life through the influence of science.

Speaking of the revolution in traffic and communications, Dr. Fischel stated that, but for the war, it would be possible to travel from Calais to the Persian Gulf by rail. The missing link in the railway through Iran has been completed. There is also connection between the Persian Gulf and the Caspian Sea by rail. This is the Burma Road of Russia, over which supplies from North America and other parts of the British Empire move. There are important oil pipe-lines in Iran. But besides these changes, there are deeper changes going on in the minds of the people of the Near East.

The destinies of these countries have been dominated and shaped by the Islamic religion, stated Dr. Fischel. Syria, Iraq and Iran are chiefly Muslim in character. In Lebanon there is a Christian majority, and in Palestine there is a Jewish section, but the Arabs are for the most part Mohammedan. Islam divides humanity into two groups — the believers (Muslims) and the unbelievers, such as Christians and Jews.

The tend to secularization has affected the Islamic background, although there has been a marked reluctance to accept foreign influence. All other religions are to the Mohammedans literally unclean. Non-believers have hitherto been citizens of the second degree, and differentiated from believers. This idea prevailing in Iran (Persia) and North Africa makes such countries reluctant to accept the influence of Europe. Jews and Christians share the same fate in Islamic countries. But lately this has become a matter of the past, as there has been a marked transformation in the Near East. The conception of the ritual uncleanness of unbelievers has been abolished through a decree of the government. One decree was that every citizen should wear a European headgear. This meant that believers and non-believers could not be distinguished. This, said Dr. Fischel, has done more than any other one thing to unify the national feeling in Persia. The women of the Islamic world have also had to change their attitude. Ten years ago all women were veiled. Now women are no longer veiled. Old patterns of life have changed. There have been attempts to prohibit polygamy and child marriages. Attitudes towards Jews and Christians are changing. It is now possible for unbelievers to visit mosques and holy places—an act that would formerly have been visited with instant death. The government of Iran fosters secularization. There is a changed attitude to religion itself, explained the speaker. Islam is an imposed religion; Zoroastrianism was the religion of this area 1,300 years ago, before the coming of Mohammedanism. There is a tendency to go back to the Iranians of that period, and to jump the Islamic period of the last thirteen centuries.

Dr. Fischel then spoke at some length on the changes in the Near East in the economic field. In Iraq, as in all the Middle East, with the exception of Palestine, there is an under-developed, under-populated territory. The valley of the Tigris and Euphrates is neglected, so that only three million live where over twenty million once lived. The Orient has been neglected. There is no irrigation system, no sanitation,

no development in agricultural lines. Dr. Fischel then contrasted this state of affairs with conditions in Palestine, showing what can be done with the application of science and modern methods, starting with a poverty-stricken country. The revolution in science as exemplified in Palestine is bound to have influence in all the east. The Hebrew University in Jerusalem is a most important factor in the development of Palestine. By means of this youngest university in the world, the Middle East may be transformed. The University at Jerusalem has four faculties: Agriculture, the Humanities, Science, and Medicine. The staff are largely European scholars, at least fifty of them being refugee professors, men who were outstanding in their field. There are men who study tropical diseases, entomology, botany, etiology, pharmacy. The Near Eastern countries have learned to avail themselves of the knowledge and technical skill of the University at Jerusalem, to help them in their problems of disease, forestation, insect pests and many other things. There is still much to be done, even in Palestine. The Dead Sea is a tremendous source of minerals and means of securing the bromine salts, potash and magnesium have been used. The citrus fruits industry faced disaster after the outbreak of war, because the market for their fruits was so curtailed. The surplus crop has been used for war purposes, changing oranges into sugar, alcohol, yeast, explosives, cattle fodder, to replace the loss of imports. In many other ways, stated Dr. Fischel, the scientists of the Hebrew University have put their knowledge and help at the disposal of the Government; the University has become part of the war effort. "Languages are a weapon in this global war," stated Dr. Fischel. The invasion of Syria, Iraq and Ethiopia was made possible to a large extent through the knowledge in the Hebrew University of the languages of these countries. A university is an arsenal of knowledge; knowledge is not less important than weapons in the winning of the war. After the war, the experience that has been gathered will be used in helping to expand Palestine, making the Near East richer and more independent. The university will play its part. Science is of the utmost importance, and through it the Orient will gain.

In answer to questions asked after the address, Dr. Fischel stated that Palestine has not nearly reached its absorptive capacity. Hundreds of thousands more people might be taken in, in due course. A great deal depends on the human element.

PRODUCTION MANAGER



J. B. McRAE
formerly of CKRC, Winnipeg, where he worked on production, has joined the staff of CKUA as Production Manager and Chief Announcer.

STUDENTS ON THE SPOT

Why Study?

Our Point of View

A little study now and then,
Is tolerated by the best of men.
I'd even stay at home and cram
(The night before a tough exam),
But what gets my goat and makes me burn—
There's just too dratted much to learn.

It all began with Adam, they say,
If he'd sworn off dessert one day,
And for that apple hadn't craved,
What a lot of trouble I'd be saved!

Then there was some Phoenician scab—
Who decided to write down the current gab,
So he scratched around on a piece of papyrus
With some vegetable juice and a thing called a stylus,
And when he was finished, what did he get?
But the first rough draft of an alphabet.

That was the start of their endless scribbling
(Just to prove they could use the thing).
And from that day volumes and tomes,
And theses and treatises and works and poems
Have rushed in a never-ending pour,
Till in the year of Our Lord '44
It's quite beyond my capacity
To absorb all this published sagacity.

Then there came a curious old Joe,
Who had a hankering to know
How much land and bottles and dough,
And cattle and wives he had, and so
He hired some guy (in commerce, no doubt)
To figure the whole darn business out,
And when this bright lad totalled the score,
That started my trouble in math, forty-four.

In days gone by I don't care
Who married who or who was where,
Who took what castle, or stormed what town,
But why did they have to write it down?
So now I stew and swear and sweat
Dates and battles and treaties to get;
Yes, history is an awful bore,
And every day they're making more.

Then the science guys got hot
On chem. and physics and all that rot.
They cut up frogs, they chipped at rocks,
They mixed up liquids and invented locks.
They started to fly and they made a train,
But the greatest invention was by a brain
Who discovered a thing for distilling beer,
And he was the first real engineer.

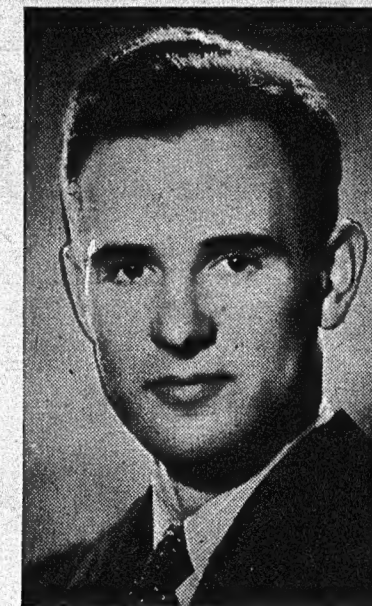
But the only thing I really mind,
They've left nothing for me to find.
I wouldn't mind sitting under a tree
And letting an apple fall on me,
But that guy Newton this thing saw,
And it seems he beat me to the draw.
But maybe I'd beat the books
And burned the oil while my brain cooked,
And crammed at night (what a laugh!),
I might have invented the telegraph.
But this was done before, of course,
By some jerk whose name was Morse.

So all that they have left for me
Are mass action and relativity.
I guess I'm just a stupid dud,
For both of these are clear as mud.
So why study? It's plain to me.
A second Einstein I'll never be.

Why study? Brother, didn't they say,
The final time-table went 'up today.
For those exams? Well, pal, I guess,
I'll take a powder and give this a rest.
For the next few weeks, in spite of my crabbing,
You'll find me in the library scabbing.

. . . . Retiring President

Leaving the University is a definite break in one's life no matter what you intend to do after you go. No doubt it's sentimental, but I've started to look about to see which things I would miss most.



There are rather unpleasant things—8 o'clocks, term papers, cases in equity, torts or domestic relations, and particularly exams—these are by far the most pressing and unpleasant at the moment. But these put the pleasant things in bolder relief, things like learning new and useful ideas, associations with professors and students and the particular sunniness of sunny days at the University. Much of all this we will miss—but there is much else we have had here, and of this no one can say, "You can't take it with you."

It is a rare privilege at any time to attend an institution where the free interchange and free expression of ideas can still take place. (Although even these have been curtailed on this and other campuses.) We

leave here with minds trained to some extent in the arts and sciences, but it is not the mere training and knowledge which will be most valuable to us, but rather the awareness awakened in us by our professors, of things there are still to know, and where we can find and learn them.

For the arts we owe particular gratitude to this University and to those in charge of it, because they have realized the value of the humanities and have tried unceasingly to ensure that the University of Alberta will not decline to the level of a first-rate technical school.

Of lasting worth, too, especially in times of total war against totalitarianism, is the experience in student government which we get in the Students' Union. This gives us a very real and practical idea of the machinery of democracy. Participation in Union activities helps to round out the other part of our education which leads to a degree. We leave the University, equipped to do our part in combatting the ominous power of totalitarianism, not only in science and war but in ideas, which is the direction in which our enemy's advances have been most insidious, most dangerous and most successful. It is with ideas particularly that we have been attacked from the rear. Students can be thankful in a large measure to The Gateway for pointing out to us these attacks from the rear. So serious are these that it requires constant vigilance to ensure that we will not win at the front and lose at the rear.

With all these things added to our background, we leave our Alma Mater, a little grim, but full of confidence and good cheer.

GERRY AMERONGEN.

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Have a "Coke"=Thumbs up



. . . or how to be at ease in Lancashire

Among the British you hear a friendly greeting when the going is rough. It's *Thumbs up*. The Canadians have introduced another just as cordial: Have a "Coke." It means *Let's be friends* to both CWAC and WREN. From Ottawa to the Seven Seas, Coca-Cola stands for the pause that refreshes — is the gracious introduction between kindly-minded folks.

EDMONTON



"Coke"=Coca-Cola
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Wm. J. Monaghan

says:

"If there were no Life Insurance what want and suffering would exist among families whose breadwinner has passed on, with little or

estate to leave them.
"For remember this—of all the money left at death, 87% of it comes from Life Insurance. If you do not possess adequate financial protection for your family, don't put off buying Life Insurance."

LET'S TALK IT OVER

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Take Five

As I sit here curled up in the clothes closet munching a combination quark and garlic sandwich, I get to thinking: "What a helluva thing to eat!"



to someone who have donated, but if Salvador Dali is allowed to roam at large, I am sure that the Red Cross will not take offense if my imagination does become slightly unruly at times.

Upon entering the death house to part with some of my technicolor life dew, the first thing to impress me was the swinging door, which creased the rear of my noggin while I was in the act of gazing at a pair of feminine limbs descending the stairs behind me. I approached the desk, and the first question put to me was:

"Are you a donor or a recipient?"
"Neither," I answered. "I'm a liberal."
"Did you follow the prescribed diet?" the woman asked.

"Lady," I answered, "I'm so full of carrot juice that I snatched a chair from underneath an old lady and repose in it. Suddenly a crew of five middle-aged snakes round a corner and leap upon me. While four hold me down, the fifth applies a canopener to my ear, and after removing the lobes wrings out the bloody contents. Thinking that I have donated, I am on my way out, when I am felled from the rear by a little rascal, the Adonai says, 'we were only testing you.'"

I am given a cigarette and a coke, but before I can begin to enjoy either, some busy-nose comes by and, tearing the confections out of my hand, proceeds to take my temperature with an ever-sharp and gives me the thermometer to fill in my record sheet. I am then yanked into a hole in the wall to have my blood pressure tested. The nurse is supposed to apply an apparatus resembling a coffee rag to my arm. However, she became involved in conversation with another nurse, and by mistake she applied it to the arm of the chair. After squeezing my nose in mistake for

the pressure ball, she notes the results on an indicator and declares my pressure is excellent. I now begin to wonder at the efficiency of the organization. I was sure she would notice her mistake in applying the apparatus to the chair when removing it, as she filled her hand with slivers. But the only remark she made was: "Bony arm you have there, bub."

I was made to wait my turn to go into the embalming room. While waiting, three stretchers bearing the pruned remains of blood donors came by, and a Hollywood agent signed them up as extras for the forthcoming movie, "I Walked with a Zombie." At last my name was called, and I wasn't going to acknowledge it, but they unshackled my ankles and led me in. The room was filled with the music of gurgling blood; the bass section being handled by the resonant sound of needled popped veins. The two sadists who were to tap me struck up the following conversation, which, needless to say, cheered me up no end:

"What vein do I picture, Mabel?" asked one.
"Your guess is as good as mine, Bridget," replied the other.

Then as she picked her teeth with the needle, Bridget said:

"You know, Mabel, I've been having an awful time with my needles tonight. They've all been so dull."

At this point, what blood I did have curdled, and I submitted myself to their mad fancies. Bridget took up the "on guard position," and after two parries she made a beautiful thrust that took the wart off my elbow. Finally, after three more attempts, she succeeded in boring into the vein. She then took a length of garden hose and by means of a coupling and three or four well-placed washers, she inserted it into my vein. For the period of about 17 seconds my blood flowed freely, but after that the supply was non-existent. My handlers went at me as though I was a near empty toothpaste tube, and starting at my ankles they rolled me into a compact bundle in hopes that they could squeeze a few more drops from my system. But all was in vain (or rather out of vein). In fact, if anybody had punched me in the nose I'd have had to give him an I.O.U. for a nose-bleed. My donation came to a grand total of 6.7349 cc. However, it had to be discarded, as 4.398 cc. of this precipitate out in the form of lipstick. Greatly weakened by this ordeal, I was assisted from the table and escorted to a couch, upon which I remained in restful solitude until the snake in charge subtly hinted that it was time for me to leave by giving me a hoof. On the way out I was told that "my need was greater," but I took the insult and the quart of blood they offered me and went on my way, with the satisfying feeling that I had done something to further the cause (the enemy's or ours, I'm not sure which).

Finally, to you who are wondering what I am doing here in the closet writing this, it is only the result of a small oversight on my part last night. I forgot to take off my suit before I hung it up. It has just dawned on me what the philosophy prof. meant when he said that by writing this column I was causing evolution to start back in the animal direction, for, as he said: "One of the fundamental differences between man and animal is that man can laugh and smile—an animal can't." To those of you who can read, I give you my thanks for your toleration. You have made me realize how a jerk like Adolph can go so far. To those of you who can't read, I say

Meet the Deacon, folks. It's Frank Quigley, who hails from Calgary, and is registered in second year Commerce.

... by The Deacon

Visiting The New Cafeteria With Anne

Anne went to the Cafeteria to have lunch for the first time on Thursday. Oh yes, she'd been there for chocolate milk, ice cream and that wonderful chocolate cake every time she had the time and money, but this was the first meal she'd eaten there. Anne doesn't think she'll ever get over being impressed by the spaciousness, cleanliness and quiet of the Cafeteria. As usual, there was a long line-up of hungry looking students; Anne was momentarily tempted to ask someone at the head of the line to get her order for her, but she realized that it wouldn't be fair to the others, and no one else did it. She was glad she hadn't later when she was talking to Mrs. Ottem, because she told Anne that that was one of the rule the students were complying with very well. When Anne got her dinner, she had to wait for a table for a while, because some of the students had thoughtlessly reserved tables for themselves by putting books on the table before they got their order. It would have been so much better if they would have waited until they were ready to sit down because someone else would have finished their meal by that time. When Anne finally managed to get a table, she settled down to a very attractive dinner. Anne, being a human being first and a House Eccer second, considered the meal, and found it excellent from both points of view. When she had finished, she piled all her dishes neatly on the trays provided. She noticed that all the other students did the same, and felt a glow of satisfaction in knowing that the students were realizing that this was their Cafeteria and were helping in every way possible. When she asked Mrs. Ottem about it later, she was told that all the students were co-operating very well. About 1:15 a man came in and was quite annoyed because dinner hour was over. Anne thought it might be a good idea to publish the meal hours again, so here they are:

7:30 a.m. to 10:30 p.m.
Breakfast 7:30 a.m. to 9 a.m.
Dinner 11:30 a.m. to 1:00 p.m.
Supper 5:00 p.m. to 6:30 p.m.

Sundays and Holidays
10:00 a.m. to 6:30 p.m.
Dinner 12:30 p.m. to 2:00 p.m.
Supper 5:00 p.m. to 6:00 p.m.

After Mrs. Ottem had pacified the irate customer, Anne asked if she might see the kitchen. Anne, who had been frantically planning and remodeling kitchens all year, was most impressed by the efficient arrangement of it. The brightness of the white tiling caught her eye, and the dish-washer fascinated her, even though she was told that it didn't work all the time. After making a complete tour of the building, she decided that she would like to be a dietitian in a place like that, if she ever managed to get through House Ec. When Anne asked about the help situation, she was told that they were hoping to remedy it every day, but in the meantime the Senior House Ec. students were helping tremendously.

Anne would like to have stayed all afternoon, just looking around, but she suddenly realized that she had a class at two o'clock, and she simply couldn't afford to miss it. Anne was leaving, she thought to herself, "This is just about the best thing that has ever happened at the University of Alberta." And maybe when I'm a Senior, I'll be able to work in the Cafeteria and find out just what institutional management is all about before I throw myself to the mercy of the cold, cruel world."

Trail found me a few months ago. (Signed) GERRY WILSON:

The Secretary, Students' Union Alumni, University of Alberta.

Dear Sir:

This is just a note to thank you for your kindness in sending me the cigarettes. It is very nice to be remembered after all these years.

We are very comfortable and happy here at No. 10—splendid, well-equipped hospital in a very beautiful part of England. At the moment we are receiving casualties from Italy from other hospitals in the area, and am hoping one of these days to get closer to the action.

Life here in England is somewhat of a continuous re-union. You are continually meeting old friends that you haven't seen for years—especially those in the profession and the ones you don't see you hear of much oftener than at home.

Your magazine arrives regularly and is much appreciated—as your kindness in remembering me.

Yours truly, (Signed) CAPT. BARROWMAN.

Skits Highlight Theolog Banquet

Last week the Theolog Club held its annual banquet and function at the Corona Hotel. Present were the faculty of St. Stephen's College, club members and their guests. Arrangements for the program were capably handled by Art Magee, assisted by Dick Standerwick and Bill Archer. The toast to the College was proposed by G. A. Larue and replied to by Principal A. D. Miller. The toast to the ladies was proposed shortly, briefly and pointedly by Elmer Stelter, and replied to by Mrs. D. J. C. Elson. Ernest Nix spoke a few words of appreciation on behalf of the club of the Honorary President, Dr. Geneva Misener, who very graciously replied.

The program consisted of a short sing-song led by Art Magee and assisted by Dick Standerwick, and the presentation of four skits, three

by club members and one by the faculty. These skits were: "Plucking the Bottom Half" by the Arts members; "The Theolog on his First Field," starring Bert Loree; "The Initiation of a New Student in Theology," with Doug Carr taking the title role and Mrs. D. J. C. Elson assisting; and a take-off on exams and the convocation ceremony, by the faculty, assisted by Mrs. and Mr. Art Magee. Following this, the formal part of the evening was over, but some members of the club were later seen hanging around in the vicinity of the Barn and an overtone chop suey joint, claiming to be hungry. It was judged one of the most successful functions in recent years.

My girl is so dumb she thinks a primary cell is a jail for little children.—Florida Alligator.

ARTS BUILDING, UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA



IN MEMORIAM

Grotalus Confluentes

Dr. Wm. Rowan

It is with deep regret that we announce the passing away of an old-timer of the University's lesser-known personnel. His death was unspectacular and unexpected, with but a single witness. He died without tears and not much venom, taking one final look at the wide world as he struck at his imprisoning window and then turned over on his back, never again to move.

For eight years he has entertained the students of the Department of Zoology and been entertained by them (if endless attempts to make him strike and rattle may legitimately be termed entertainment). The Department's Rattle Snake is, in fact, dead. He leaves behind him his harmless partner of all these years, the Bull Snake, sorrowing, no doubt, but shedding no tears, for snakes have no tear ducts!

These two snakes were presented to the Department about eight years ago, both originating from Medicine Hat, but neither the precise dates nor the names of the donors have been preserved. Like many another Rattler, this snake did not take kindly to captivity, evincing the fact by inaugurating a hunger strike which lasted for 18 months. At the end of this period, however, he changed his mind, developed an excellent appetite, and for the past years has been plump and in the best of shape. After the manner of snakes generally, he periodically sloughed his skin. While he did this only half as frequently as the Bull Snake, he consumed 52 rats in 3½ years to the Bull Snake's 54, yet grew only three inches to the Bull Snake's six.

He ate his last meal on August 26, 1943. Since he habitually refrained from eating during the winter months, this was not astonishing and no cause for worry. The only indication that all was not well was with his final coat-shedding, which took a month instead of ten days. He died 48 hours after its completion.

This snake, in spite of the fact that he remained deadly, provided little excitement in the Department during his eight years which, by the way, are close to constituting a world record for longevity in captivity. He once struck the Bull Snake on the head accidentally, drawing blood, but the Bull was evidently immune, for the incident

was without effect. However, we suspect it might have fared worse with Bob Lister had the Gods not been unusually kind on the only occasion of the snake's escape. Bob was sedulously hunting the premises over for him, suddenly to discover that he was standing within 12 inches of him coiled up on the floor!

It is universally believed that all animals are instinctively scared of snakes and become petrified with fear when they meet one face to face. Of several hundred young rats that have been liberated in the snake vivarium, not a single one has ever shown the slightest indications of fear. We have often seen the Rattler retire into a corner to avoid the persistent attention of the rats as they have tried to nibble his ever-active tongue, and we have known a rat actually to bite the Rattler (while three rats one night actually ate up a former Rattler!). He has never attempted to retaliate, and has on many occasions had to spend the night with two or three rats sleeping on his coils, the softest spot in the cage.

With the exception of some species of birds, the only animals habitually showing fear at first sight of a snake are monkeys, and with them it has been experimentally shown to be universal. It appears to be the case also with us (with a few exceptions, such as zoologists), and might be taken, perhaps, as a collateral spot of evidence on the subject of blood relationship with these cruder under studies of ourselves. But then, again, that contention might irk the psychologists, for if such fear is instinctive in monkeys it would presumably be instinctive with us, and Heaven forbid that we should be out of date in our tenets!

Coed Club Buys Second \$50 Bond

The Co-ed Club has donated a fifty-dollar bond to the University Building Fund this year. The money for this bond was raised by the girls themselves during the year, and this bond is the second one donated by the club, the first one having been donated last year.

To Those Who Make our Varsity World go Round

By JIM SPILLIOS

As someone remarked in The Gateway office the other day, "No one does anything around Varsity unless it's to satisfy his ego." A just observation made at a moment when the speaker of this bit of wisdom was satisfying his ego by folding Gateways. Sages of the past have taught "Divinity through creativity." How fortunate so few people in this world want to be divine! It is many that make the world go around for the divinity-struck. Around Varsity there are such people that make it go around. It may seem to some that Varsity goes around and around and around, but that's because the students give this roulette wheel an extra spin or two. And so—

Bouquets to:
Bill Hudson, his side-kick, Bert, and the other white-coats, for the stories they tell and the punch they know so well to mix. Those fellows know more about this place and everyone in it than any frat book going. . . . The Janitors in the Med Building, who for neither love nor money would sit in a Political Science meeting, just so we could say we had an audience. . . . The sooty individual in the Power Plant, who keeps the home fires burning. . . .

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All aspects of this U. Ah, aspects! Ah, me!

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THE GATEWAY



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Hon. W. A. Fallow, Minister of Public Works, levelled a number of nasty accusations at the Political Economy Dept. of the University in a recent address to the Legislature. Our courses are teaching "colossal bunk" and are based on "political trickery, deceit and lies," according to Mr. Fallow. The trouble with most government men who possess a pet financial theory is that they fail to look objectively and disinterestedly at political economics; their minds are made up beforehand, and anyone who fails to agree with them has a philosophy which rests "on a lie".

The spirit in which students are taught at the University of Alberta is that of "Qua-cumque Vera". If any professor believes this spirit he should be run out of the University by the students. However, we question Mr. Fallow's statement and his authority. We hope that some form of investigation does result from these rash statements, just so Mr. Fallow will ratify his statements next time.

One more issue of The Gateway will be printed this term—the Convocation issue. To all persons of both faculty and student body who have assisted in making possible the publication of The Gateway this year, we wish to say "thank you". It has been a difficult year, and without the whole-hearted support of these interested parties there could not have been a Gateway.

During the year we have attempted to give a fair cross-section of campus opinions and to give a complete coverage of campus events. We have conscientiously tried to editorially present arguments that would tend to better the student position at University. If at times we have trod on toes, we are sorry, because throughout our term of office we have held malice toward none; we hope those injured parties will bear no malice toward us.

To our successor, Don Cormie, and his staff we wish every success in the coming year. Don has proved a very capable Features Editor this year—we know he will be an excellent Editor-in-Chief next year.

EDITORIAL SQUIBS

A name is needed for the new Cafeteria. Since we have a "Big Tuck" and a "Little Tuck" it was suggested that we call this new eating establishment "The Middle Tuck." One Medical student suggested the name "The Golden Bear". It is too late in the season for The Gateway to sponsor a name contest, but any names may be submitted to The Gateway office, and we will forward them to the proper authorities.

An editorial in "The Sheaf" on Albert Hamilton's poem "Atrocities" as printed in the Literary Supplement of the Manitoban, states: "A university is supposed to teach one to think, not to agree. The rewarding of the degree has no connection with the sentiments expressed in a poem, but should be the result of work,

News and Views
From Other U's

Canadian University Press

DEAD MEATLESS TUESDAYS

At the U. of B.C. — Meat-eaters on the campus caused shattered nerves among professors last Tuesday. Morning lectures were disturbed by latecomers, whose common excuse was that they thought it was Wednesday. An investigating committee discovered that this was caused by the end of meat-rationing. Students in the usual morning mental fog saw a steady stream of hot-dogs passing over the counter when they arrived at the bus stop. Immediately concluding that it could not be Tuesday, they proceeded to go by their Wednesday time-table, until reminded that the hot-dog is now on a six-day schedule, and that Meatless Tuesdays are as dead as a fraternity man the day after his formal.

CONDEMN CO-EDS

Two articles have appeared in the Queen's Journal written by Adizon and Staele, offering what they call "constructive criticism to those whom we would like to call our friends." The first article, among other things, says that Queen's co-eds are not gentle, sweet, honest, and above board. As a result, during the week-ends of the formals, "the majority of the women at Queen's sat at home and read—the boys importing their own girls." Then the opinion was expressed that 90% of the girls are not in the attractive category, but the essay was not concerned with them because most of the men do not realize that they are at university until their picture appears in the year book. The conclusions summed up the faults that are characteristic to Queen's co-eds: "Their lack of appreciation of the men's attentions; their lack of etiquette; and finally, the lack of sincerity."

In the next issue of the Journal the boys were back again, and went on to say that "notable among the many flaws is a veneer of sophistication, which is an unbreakable barrier to sincerity and true friendliness... a specific case was the date-dodging technique employed. Rather than tell a man that they do not wish to go out with him, they lead him on with vague refusals, hoping he will call again when their stock of dates reach a low ebb," and so on and on.

The fresettes answered in a letter: "... So 90% of us may not be Lana Turners, but a corresponding percentage of the males on the campus are not Clark Gables."

RECESS AT McMASTER UNIVERSITY

Announcement was made at McMaster University that for a period of three days beginning March 6th, all lectures would be cancelled. This was due to the fact that the pressure of ordinary work and special wartime duties had produced a weariness in both students and staff that is unusual. The recess is not intended in the nature of a holiday, but of a work period without interruption or stated engagements. Instructors benefit by it through being able to give more time to students' work already submitted, and students would benefit by an uninterrupted opportunity to complete assignments already given out.

SIX YEAR COURSE

At Queen's, news that the present second year of medicine might be the first to revert to the regular curriculum instead of continuing on the accelerated course struck the campus, and left those affected by the change stunned and dismayed. After a meeting of twenty of the Medical Faculty, it was suggested to the government that it would prefer to return to the slower six-year course. Reasons for the change are that universities are not turning out the best type of doctor under the present speed-up, and that professors who have been teaching almost the year 'round are not able to give their best.

MOVING ON

The editor of The Varsity asks that the graduates of Toronto keep "a lively interest in the material needs behind the spiritual and intellectual work of the University" in order to have a complete and intelligent regard for the Alma Mater.

He says: "Another class is about to move on out of this University into a world of turmoil and uncertainty. This is a class which, along with the one preceding it and several to follow, has been told throughout its college career of the importance placed upon it by the government that has permitted it to continue studying in the midst of the most resounding struggle for human rights that the world has known. Undoubtedly this class will now be told the cogent truth, that it must now justify its privileges by applying itself to the rigorous physical and mental tasks of winning the struggle both in that stage called war and the one called peace. The conduct of the individuals of this class can confirm or disprove the ill-conceived public notion that a man who delays his entry into an all-out struggle for three or four years while enhancing his education is a slacker. The alacrity with which post-war graduates have applied themselves to the task at hand in and out of uniform strengthens our faith that this year's class will not fail.

"The extent and intensity of their devotion to the main cause will be the measure of their enhancement of the reputation of the institution which has sheltered and nurtured them in their intellectual development. Yet this is only the most immediate way the relationship between graduates and University will be shown and the debt of spirit repaid. Those who have really entered into the life of their University to the full will return to it, at least in thought, frequently and with rich recollections. There will be some, of course, who will take their University as simply a ladder to be discarded after it has helped them to a higher material level in life. These are the cases in which the University has failed; from this comparatively small group she merits no further return. But from those who recognize in recollection the contribution made to their lives by the University something more tangible, according to their means, should be forthcoming."

which Hamilton has apparently completed successfully. "Why, then, is it withheld?" We agree. While we cannot print this poem, we do think that the university authorities are going too far when they withhold a degree because a student expresses an opinion on matters not connected with the university or with the material pertaining to the degree.

FACULTY ON THE SPOT

Why Study History?

By M. H. Long

The main reason for the study of history is inherent in what history is. It is not merely a string of political events—"1066 and all that". In its broadest and truest sense it is nothing less than the story of the human race, of its upward climb from the jungle and the cave, of its trials, its setbacks, its achievements—a record laborious and painful, sometimes ignoble but often glorious. In its sweep history takes in the story of those economic activities, those inventions and applications of science, by which man is gradually lifting himself above a mere struggle for existence like that of the brutes. It tells the story of man's attempts to live with his fellows, of the conflicts, ideas and institutions that have sprung therefrom, of man's search for beauty and truth as embodied in literature and the arts, of man's unquenchable thirst for knowledge and understanding as expressed in the growth of the sciences and the philosophies, and of man's reaching out in religious thought and experience to commune with a world beyond the finite. Indeed, history is all-comprehensive for it is nothing less than the record of what man has thought and felt and done. Though analogies are seldom completely exact, history may be said to perform for society at large a function something like that which the faculty of memory performs for the individual. It is a sort of memory of the race. In the case of the individual it is memory that stores up experience, which thus enables wisdom to be extracted from it, which makes possible the growth and integration of personality, and helps to give to life continuity and significance. So, too, it is with communities from small to great. It is their common history perhaps more than any single thing that gives them their feeling of oneness, a sense of continuity, direction and significance. Both to the individual and to society the absence of an organized knowledge of the past would be disintegrating and catastrophic. Though the stream of human history is too vast for exploration by any single mind, yet he who has not taken a dip into some portion of it can hardly claim to be educated in any full sense of the term.

It follows that the benefits of the study of history accrue both to the individual and to society. To the individual student who proceeds to the advanced stage of research the subject affords the same disciplines as the sciences in the development of the qualities of patience, thoroughness, impartiality, judgment, and general intellectual integrity. For the general student or reader history has a humanizing and broadening content. It cultivates powers of discernment with respect to cause and effect, the capacity to distinguish between the significant and the inconsequential, the habit of looking at all sides of questions, and some understanding of how the past has shaped the present and may mould the future.

There are qualities in the individual which are of value to society at large. He who has studied with what effort and heroism our rights were won in the past will not hold lightly the liberties of our own day, as so many have done in recent decades. He who has read in history how states have come to grief because their citizens will not assume the responsibilities that are always the concomitant of rights will not be so apt to shirk those responsibilities. He who has learnt from history of the long and painful upward march of mankind will not be insensible to the ills of society or to the needs of reform. But he will have learnt, too, that problems are usually complex and that truth, like a diamond, has many facets. He will, therefore, not so easily become the victim of demagogues proclaiming half-truths that may be as misleading and disastrous as falsehood itself. In these days we are all supremely concerned with the preservation of democracy and with its expansion into new areas of life. Democracy, however, must be preserved not only from its external enemies, but also must be protected against its own weaknesses. In the long run it will stand only if it attains internal balance and stability, and it can do that only if the masses of the people have some anchorage in the wisdom and experience of the past, if they have acquired the habit of seeing more than one side of questions, and if they possess the faculty of sound judgment on issues and on leadership. Of the cultivation of such qualities the study and teaching of history can be a major instrument.

FACULTY ON THE SPOT

Why Study Biology?

By Dr. E. H. Moss

Are you interested in the following propositions?

A basic fact of life is that the earth is green; in a very literal sense, "all flesh is grass". Chlorophyll, the green pigment of plants, is the most important substance on earth. Flowering plants have proven to be the foundation of human culture. Plants are the great soil-builders and protectors of soil from wind and water erosion. Man is unique in using energy liberated from organic materials external to his own body. In this modern "Industrial Age", man has become involved in some extremely complex problems, including that of an unfavorable balance of energy and materials. Only biology can be the scientific guide to a true way of life. Biology aims to reveal the ultimate nature of life processes. The same fundamental laws of life apply generally to all organisms. The laws and principles of biology apply not only to the structure and function of the body, but also to the development of mind and the organization of society. One can scarcely be a good citizen without a sound knowledge of the facts of nutrition, sex, reproduction, heredity, eugenics, disease and public health. Biology is an essential part of a liberal education because it widens the outlook and has a profound humanizing influence. As the science which makes the most direct and telling appeal to aesthetic appreciation and broad sympathies, biology is commonly studied for the sheer love of it. Biology is not a science where control is simple or laws easy to arrive at; thus it affords a link between the physical sciences and ordinary life. Nothing concerns man so much as understand life—his own life and that of other organisms. Medicine, public health, agriculture, forestry, horticulture, fisheries, wild-life conservation, are largely utilitarian applications of fundamental biological science. The quickest and surest way of solving practical problems in applied biology is to establish the basic underlying principles.

Biological facts and theories establish a kinship, a line of descent, between man and animals and inorganic matter. Man is basically an animal, the end product of a very long history of animal evolution, and his inherited equipment of reflexes, instincts and emotions is to a large degree controlled by the cerebral cortex of the brain. Man's unique ability to exercise control through the use of his marvellous brain, likewise his ability to project purpose into the future and head towards it, has a physical basis in the hereditary complex, the chromosomes. The great lesson of evolution is not that we are descended from monkeys (which we are not), but that all life, that of plants, animals and men, is fundamentally alike. The wonders and mysteries of life never grow less with increasing

correspondence

A Bit of 'ome

Pen Pal

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Every three months I take a night off to write letters, and because of that, this letter will be short, but not too short to express my appreciation to you for sending The Gateway to me. It's like a bit of 'ome.

Most of the officers here are from Toronto or Hamilton or some such place, and seem to have the idea that I came from a race of bronco-busters and such. They all read The Gateway, and though it took quite a while, they are now convinced that there are one or two people in the West that can both read and write, although from this you will see I'm not one of those who can write.

There were four reasons (and still are) for my writing this letter. One is to put in a plea for the Deacon—he wasn't in the last copy I got, and we all miss him. Another was to thank you for having The Gateway and The Trail sent here. Another to tell you my address at the end of the month will be

Prob. Sub./Lt. R. G. Hurlburt,
Officers' Training Section,
New Officers Block,
H.M.C.S. Cornwallis,
Cornwallis, Nova Scotia.

Quite a handful!

The last reason is to tell Purvis to send my Evergreen and Gold here, if it can be mailed before the 10th of this month, and if not, to mail it to the above address.

I've seen the odd copy of it throughout Canada, in one place and another, and it is claimed by others to be one of the best.

Enough for now—it's been very hard trying to write good English, and also to write legibly. The Navy does not mind if writing cannot be read, because it probably wouldn't be read anyway—just signed. Thanks again.

(Signed) BOB HURLBURT.

March 1, 1944.

Dear Sir,—I am a student at the University of California, where I am majoring in the fields of History and Geography. In studying the various countries of the world, I find that it would be of great benefit to the student if suitable photographs of the country under discussion were available. In the preparation of essays and reports on many countries, good pictures of the people and the country are unavailable here.

As a result, I have come to the conclusion that students in colleges and universities of other countries also might be having difficulty in finding appropriate pictures of the United States and might like to exchange. Not only would this be of advantage to a student's studies, but it would also acquaint him with our people and our country, and likewise students of the United States would gain a more definite and personal acquaintance with your country.

I certainly hope that this proposal will meet the approval of some students in your university, and that an exchange of pictures may begin soon. Kindly have those interested advise me what type of pictures would be of most interest, and I will then mail the pictures and list some which would be of most interest to me of your country.

Thanking you in advance for your co-operation, I am,

Yours very truly,

M. F. AITKEN.

1166 Linden Ave.,
Glendale (1), Calif.,
U.S.A.

Soph—Gee, but that freshman's dumb. He can't even tell Firestone from gallstone.

Junior—And who was Gallstone?
—Brunswickian.

Ph.D. at 16

Intelligence Quotient of 182

Merrill Wolf of Cleveland is the Youngest Ever to Reach College

New Haven, Conn., March 6. (A.P.)—Merrill Kenneth Wolf, 12-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Herbert Wolf, lawyer, of Cleveland, who spoke a complete sentence at the age of four months, has entered Yale, the youngest student on record.

A transfer from Western Reserve University, young Wolf, accredited with an I.Q. of 182 for a mental age of 20, wants to major in music.

On his first birthday, the child read through a first grade reader for 5-year-olds and when at the age of 22 months he picked out a Liszt melody on the piano, the parents agreed that the boy must be good.

So good was Merrill that at the local grade school in Cleveland he was advised to leave for the good of the other pupils.

"He disrupted the class, asked too many questions, and volunteered too many answers," the principal said.

The youth wants to emerge from Yale with a Ph.D. degree which he says he would like to win before he is 16.

knowledge, but rather more; for biology explores only the shores of the great ocean of truth.

If any of these propositions appeal to you as attractive, or important, or significant, or challenging, or even false—you should study biology, and yet more biology.

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VOX STUDENTI

Today is the big day—at last my picture is in the paper! In case you are interested, the one in the middle, is me, Yehudi—the great Vox Student!



the pages of The Gateway in vain for this brilliant and amazing column.

From a dog's eye point of view, things look different and some of my remarks mightn't have been so funny to you. If anyone is mad at me, I am willing to lead a dog's life from now on (or you could put a little blame on my two assistants).

To the student who complained that this column is about as interesting as a telephone directory because there are too many names in it, Yehudi would like to reply that that student should make a point of knowing more people on the campus. In answer to the one who said to me "More names and spice, please!"—just remember that all Yehudi hears isn't publishable. For instance, there are many incidents from some students' pasts that would make good reading—stop trembling, fellas, it's safe with me. A third comment was "strictly corny"! I trust you are referring to Ogden Nash's poetry. Well, anyhow, Yehudi has had a lot of fun writing it and he realizes that

"He could not love this column so much where he not born to be in Dutch."

As for my two dumb assistants, people have often foolishly suspected them of being me (insulting, isn't it?). They have often blubberingly complained of having misinformed people saying "Yehudi" at them through loud-speakers and out of top storey windows. (Yep, this means you, Quigley, Hepburn and Bowlsby.) Ungrateful wretches, those girls, they should have been proud.

As you all are aware, exams are pretty close (what's pretty about them?), and Yehudi heard a bleary-eyed student lament as he beat the books, and also his head:

"The day I like the least is Sunday,
And after that I don't like Monday,
And after that I don't care whose day
Tuesday is—I don't like Tuesday,
And after that, let other men say,
'Pooh,' and 'Bah!'—I don't like Wednesday,
And after that my very worst day
Is—in short—I don't like Thursday,
And after that my evil-eye day
Is—the fact's I don't like Friday,
And after that I won't grow fatter, say,
Because they have a day called Saturday—
But the day I like the least is Sunday,
And after that I don't like Monday,

And after that, I don't care whose day
Tuesday is, I don't like Tuesday,
And after that, etc. . . ."

Hot dog, how I love this dog's life!

Yehudi is leaving this spring, shaking the intellectual dust from his paws forever, but there are some things on the campus that he'll never forget—how could he! Things like Jean Massie's pink and purple knee-socks, Gordie Wier's shoulders (what's your tailor's phone number, Gordie?), Cappy Kidd's sex appeal, Hermie's portraits by Goertz, Cam Ower's pink shirt, cover-girl Virg Thompson, Archie Campbell's kilts. Every student in fact has "something to remember him by" but unfortunately Yehudi never got around to writing that special Vox Student edition of The Gateway, to include them all.

In his doggy brain, he will also keep the memory of Cold Cokes in the Clamour of Tuck at Ten, and Pumpkin Pie in the Peace and Calm of the Cafeteria (he just doesn't seem to care for raw bones); the fumes of H2S in the Med Building; the silent (?) chatter in the Arts Library.

Yes, Yehudi hates to think of leaving all this, but, believe him, the future holds much in store. As he chews his crystal ball, he invites you to take a peep with him into the future—say 1960.

Musical!
Lights!
Curtain!

There's Owen Jones still looking for something—hasn't he found that "paper doll" yet? Lil Reid is modelling for Varga; Marilyn and George are still holding hands; Phil Daw is still playing poker for pennies with the 1960 freshmen; Alice Ackroyd is working for Metro; Garth Evans is running the Famous Cocker Kennels; Prue Bamlett is mixing Penley's Peerless Products; Butch (they call him Rudy now) is going right on pulling teeth (Woops, I mean extracting).

Lois McQueen in 1960 is Admiral of the Fleet. Wally Trost is still a confirmed old bachelor, daily quoting:

"Of all sad words of mice or men,
The saddest of these are 'It might have been'."

And finally, Yehudi sees in the crystal ball the House Eccers, class '44, still at U. of A. trying to finish up their Chem. 58 lab. The vision has faded, that's all, folks.

And now, to write my conclusion. This is the last column of a series which has been of a philosophical, whimsical, humorous and poetic nature—a truly remarkable undertaking, in which Yehudi has tried to feature songs about life, and even higher things, and about matters animal, vegetable and mineral.

At this point that great handsome brute, Editor Gerry Larue, gazed inquisitively over my shoulder. After a moment, he said disgustedly:

"Even I know that a dog can't talk!"

So, if the editor won't believe it, the "secret" seems to be out and all the valiant lies in vain. Yehudi is nothing (more or less) than two old seniors. And the sad thing about it is that Yehudi is splitting up! Yep, half to Calgary and half to Edmonton. Poor Yehudi, this is the most unkindest cut of all. And so he wants to close with this poem of fairly utter despair:

"When the wind is in the trees
It makes a noise just like the seas,
As if there were not noise enough
To bother one without that stuff."
S'all for ever!

... by YEHUDI ABOUT YOUR EASTER BONNET

J. Kent Hutchison

"Oh, I could write a sonnet
About your Easter bonnet . . .
and so it goes. A man composed
that song and men like to sing it.
But the male of the species will
often dispute the purpose of Made-
moiselle's new spring "creation" of
a hat. Oxford's dictionary definition
of a hat is "woman's outdoor head
covering." Disregarding the dictio-
nary, hat designers this spring have
seemingly gone out of their way to
cover as little of "our lady's" head
as possible. These coverings often
are just a bunch of flowers or a
wide ribbon across the crown of the
head.

The ribbon style is designed
mainly for the girl with lovely long
tresses and who wears her hair
smoothly back from her forehead.
They can either be joined with a
flat tailored bow on top of the head
or else at the nape of the neck
underneath the hair. These hats
wear very well with anything from
a tailored suit and sweater to a
formal dinner dress. Be sure to
tone it in with the dress and with
your hair coloring. Some are of
equal width all around the head and
some taper from about three inches
wide on the crown to about one
inch just at the ears. Some are
plain, made of velvet, grograin,
taffeta or crepe; some are stitched in
patterns; some are covered with
braided stitching in charming pat-
terns; some have tiny ruffles of lace
or ribbon; some are plain across the
top accentuating bows or rosettes at
the ears. They are really pretty,
and do so well on those warm sum-
mer days when a hat is a "must".

The lady who is fond of earrings
will find that this chapeau empha-
sizes their loveliness.
Last spring ushered in the most
favored Dutch bonnet. All winter
you wore it in felt, in suede, in
wool, either hand woven or not, in
corded silk; plain, quilted, embroi-
dered or otherwise decorated. This
spring it comes into its own with
wee whisps of veiling, small touches
of ruching, or flowers. One model
had tiny ruffles on the sides of the
hat. Another had a ruffle across the
front with a tiny chapel-like veil
(not more than eight or ten inches
long) around the back—from ear-to-
ear. Yet another had a dainty row
of flowers, in a pastel shade, tucked
underneath the up-turned brim.
And another's flowers were on the
little Dutch points on the brim.
These summer hats are of felt, linen,
silk, French straw and pique.

The Collegiate scull-cap, too, is
worthy of much note. Where in
previous Easter seasons it sailed
forth with a three-foot feather, this
Easter finds it much more feminine.

Flowers surround the crown or are
grouped in front or in back. Veiling,
attached, dotted with tiny colored
bows or dots, gives a snood effect



Easter Parade

(although actually not a snood).
Sequins dress up the plain to give a
festive air.

Four years ago Mr. Easter Rabbit
tucked in his pocket and later placed
upon Milady's head, a bunch of
flowers and a wisp of straw and
ribbon for a hat. History repeats
itself, and here in 1944 finds Mr.
Rabbit with the same flowery
creation. Big flowers or little
flowers, bunches or individual, pastel
or deep colors; big bits of ribbon,
little bits of ribbon; big bows, little
bows; a half-inch of crown or six
inches. There is no rhyme or reason
as there was with Grammie's sailor.
It's all up to the lady in question,
the lady who is to wear the hat in
the big Easter Parade.

But they are not all small. If you
have a yen for a big hat, it can
easily be satisfied for the fashion
designers had you in mind, too,
when they leaned over their sketch-
ing boards last December. The
larger hats are plainer, more tailor-
ed, but still retain their sweet femi-
ninity with touches of veiling or
flowers, or both. Hat pins to anchor
them (they need anchoring in the
face of Alberta winds) have become
really fancy, often the only decora-
tion on the hat at all. Dressier ones
have their brims edged in velvet or
grograin.

Your own artistic eye and nimble
finger can create a quite charming
inexpensive chapeau. Slip down to
the dime store and get a bit of velvet
ribbon and tie it under your tresses.
Or some new, crisp, artificial flowers
and veiling, and doll up your last
summer's "find"—your Dutch bon-
net. Fresh flowers are lovely in

Had I Known

Sheer idleness was not to blame.
I speculated optimistically over the
duration of the war, and my patriotic
pride forbade me to spend a penny
that was not vitally necessary at the
time. Nevertheless, now, when I re-
live the last 2½ years mentally, I
believe if I had gone ahead and
done what at the time seemed to be
extravagant, or not worth while, I
would have economized and saved
labor in the long run.

I would certainly have planned
more cupboard space and put my
belongings into categories that made
sense for war-time life, locking away
in one cupboard everything that I
could not conceivably want for the
duration. In another, I would have
put nothing but war emergency mat-
terial: uniform, tin hat, first aid
outfit, blankets, bedding, spirit lamp,
thermos flask.

I regret not having made up my
mind about buying that hot plate
I made so many inquiries about, as
long ago as 1939. I regret not hav-
ing done over my living room, as a
big, home-like kitchen, I remember
when I travelled through New Eng-
land, thinking the natives of that re-
gion were a kitchen-minded race, and
thinking how charming and livable
their kitchens were. My travelling
companion unfortunately restrained
me from bringing home a deliciously
comfortable early American rocking
chair. They painted a vivid word
picture of my arrival in England and
having to pack it up again, after the
Customs had mercilessly torn off the
wrappings.

I should have been strong-minded
enough to bring it, all the same, and
have often deeply regretted not hav-
ing done so at certain precious
moments of relaxation in the war
when the rocking chair would have
been more soothing to my nerves than
a cigarette. In this home-like kit-
chen, I would have placed all the
things I love best and every neces-
sity that would have been decorative
too, so that the useful things could
be obvious—not tidily tucked away,
taking up valuable cupboard space.

I would have had two open corner
cupboards, brightly painted inside,

your hair, but be sure you wrap the
ends neatly in a bit of wet, then
wax, paper to keep them from wilt-
ing too soon.

In a very short while the Easter
Parade will be a reality, so be wise,
and be feminine, and again you'll
hear:

"Oh, I could write a sonnet
About your Easter bonnet,
And of the girl I'm taking
To the Easter Parade . . ."

to hold the bottles and plates I used
every day. The stove would be near
the window, so that I could get most
fresh air when I was cooking. A
long trestle table with a brightly
colored upholstered banquette would
be by the opposite wall, so I could
transfer the food straight from the
fire to the table.

A really comfortable invisible bed
or sofa that turned into one would
have been wonderful when I wanted
to take in one of my homeless
friends. It would have paid me to
supplement my linen cupboard every
now and then, as good housekeepers
have often advised. I need more
linens now, as the shortage of labor
and soap slow up the laundry.

You never know where the
enemy's hand will strike next, and
what will suddenly become unob-
tainable. It is useless, therefore, to
hoard, but careful advance planning
against a day of emergency ulti-
mately saves money, deliveries, time
and work. It never occurred to me
to get the little subtle things that
have now disappeared altogether,
like essences, flavors and nuts, which
make such a difference in war-time
cooking. However, it's not too late
to grow every known herb in my
window boxes.

I think I would have been wise to
keep the spare room exclusively for
a workroom, where we could carry
on the little things that in peace an
odd-job man does, that in war we
do ourselves. It would have an
enormous table where we could
start things and leave them un-
touched until duties allow us to
continue.

Perhaps the thing I most regret
not having done is to keep a diary.
Small notes of personal life and ap-
pointments; household difficulties as
they arose; adventure related to the
headlines of the day; arguments and
discussions, and my friends' re-
actions to them.

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SATURDAY AFTERNOON

By Nancy Thompson

I have often envied the girls who
live within ten or fifteen minutes'
walk of the University. But I con-
sole myself; since my home is in
town, my Saturday afternoons are
not taken up with marketing or
washing or ironing—things which
occupy many girls who are in house-
keeping rooms. On Saturdays I
come through town, do a little shop-
ping, and go to the Public Library,
perhaps, and then get home in time
for lunch and the Metropolitan
Opera. There is no doubt in the
world that I have all the incorrect
radio habits, since I have lunch and
then rest on the davenport and read
and listen to the radio, and finally
doze and wake, hearing the music
while I am half asleep. But even
so, I enjoy the opera, and I shall be
sorry when the season is over for
another year.

So often this winter it has been
bright and sunny on Saturday after-
noons. The sun streams in on the
ferns and flowering maple; I realize
that this is the first time all week
that I have seen my home in day-
light. I think of all the happenings
of the past week—lectures enjoyed
or missed; the wonderful feeling of
spaciousness that is associated with
the New Cafeteria; Color Night; the
exam time-table. There is no doubt
that we do a lot of grumbling as
students, and there is a certain
amount of strain to our way of life;
but even so, it is an irresponsible
existence. Although we are respon-
sible for our own success or failure,
and although conditions are such
that failure matters so much more
now than it ever did, still, for these
few months at least, we have no one
depending on us; we don't have to
think and plan in twenty different
ways at once, as we do when we

are teaching, let us say. It is such
a glorious relief not to have to be
keeping other people up to the
mark, by encouragement or admoni-
tion. My concern this year is "My-
self, and Me Alone."

The radiant sputters a little. The
orchestration in the opera sinks to
a throbbing in the base viol strings.
The phone jangles. "No, I'm sorry
I can't go to the canteen this even-
ing, but I will tomorrow afternoon
if you need someone." Both! I
I'm awake again now, but the aria
is lovely. I've been thinking about
an article in The Gateway that ap-
peared some weeks ago on how to be
popular. There was in it, perhaps,
just a little too much of "How to
Win Friends and Influence People."
The writer said that we must have
something to offer the person or
group we want for friends. That is
true; but then she went on to say
that the most effective things to be
offered were your interest in atten-
tion and sympathetic awareness of
your companion as a person. But
don't we find that the most popular
people are those who are vibrant
with enthusiasm for their own in-
terests? I am thinking now of my
new friends. I enjoy them because
they have had wider experience,
have travelled perhaps; they have
read so much more than I and can
talk of what they have read; or, if
their experiences are similar to
mine, they look at things differently
and describe them with an accent of
drollery or even cynicism that makes
me realize the comedy and disen-
chantment that surrounded me, also,
but I hadn't had eyes to see. This
business of making friends by ask-
ing questions, trying to draw out
the other person, can become a
plagued nuisance. One sometimes
feels with Sir Walter Raleigh (not
the Elizabethan) that people in
North America have no private lives.
I remember working for a year with
a girl who was always asking ques-
tions. I never did find out what her
likes and dislikes were, and often I
wanted to say to her when she
asked about my past: "That's my
private sorrow."

The opera is over. Another Sat-
urday afternoon almost gone. I've
got to scam. Why, oh why, do I
live so far out of town?

A very annoying place to live is
just beyond your income.—Athen-
aeum.

SUMMER LEGS

There's a new art in which we all
are trying to become perfectionists
... that of grooming and applying
make-up to our feet and legs!

But before we go into the methods
prescribed we must caution you that
your legs should be freed of every
single hair if the new make-up is to
be effective. You may have used
each of the various methods of re-
moving hair—by razor, by abrasives,
by the wax depilatories and the
creamy depilatories. The dry shave
with a discarded razor blade is truly
to be frowned upon, for it is easy
to nick the skin whence oozes that
precious life-giving fluid. The abra-
sive pads and mitts are probably the
easiest and quickest to use, but many
find sensitive skin affected by them.
As for the use of the wax depila-
tories, it would be wise to have it
done professionally so as to be sure
of the correct method. This wax
method actually removes the hair
below the surface of the skin. When
using the cream depilatories it is
important that you read and under-
stand the prescribed method given
by the manufacturer for quick and
best results. You will find some
directions suggesting that a lapse of
twelve hours pass before using a
deodorant on the area of the skin
where you have used a depilatory.
And, speaking of deodorants, they
are more of a "must" now than ever
before because of our restricted
wardrobes and the increasing diffi-
culty in having garments dry-
cleaned.

Now, about leg make-up. Of
course, there will be occasions when
you want to go stockingless yet have
your legs looking as though you
were wearing the finest gossamer
pair . . . you will want to apply the
new leg make-up! Whether you are
an artist or not we suggest that you
do your first painting job over a
newspaper or towel spread under
your feet on the floor or sit on the
rim of the bathtub with your bare
feet inside the tub—any of these
protective ways will do until you
become proficient in handling the
bottle!

One way to apply the liquid is to
"cup your hand" and pour into it a
small amount of the colored liquid.
Now you are ready to cover one leg
completely. (Do not start the other
leg until the application on the first
leg is completed.) Starting at the
instep smooth it on the leg with long

overlapping strokes, pushing the
color up and away from the foot, so
that coverage where the shoe touches
the instep will be lightest. Blend up
and over, up and over. The over-
lapping of the damp color is most
important. Only when the color is
thoroughly blended and almost dry
will it have that smooth, even finish
most desirable. Blend the color up
over the knee at least six inches.
When liquid is absolutely dry (this
is essential for color fastness) buff
the legs down with a soft cloth to
remove any slight powdery surface
and then you will have a beautiful
dull finish. To darken the color
apply a heavier coat. If you have
already started with too light a coat
add to it while the leg is still wet,
never after it has dried. We have
been cautioned to be sure that the
backs of the knees and the hollow
of the ankles be fully covered.
Liquid stockings are said to say put
until removed with soap and water.

Do wear foot and shoe protectors
that keep both feet and shoes in a
sanitary condition when you wear
regulation shoes with heels and toes.

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DIGEST OF OPINIONS ON SOCIALIZED MEDICINE

Organization of Health Work in The U.S.S.R.

By R. GEO. CHRISTIE

A digest of an article, "Twenty-five Years of Health Work in the Soviet Union," by Dr. H. E. Sigerist, in *American Review of Soviet Medicine*, Oct., 1942.

People's Commissariats of Health

The Commissariat of Public Health of the whole USSR is responsible for the health and well-being of 170 million people and controls all health activities, preventive, diagnosis and curative. It also produces the personnel, equipment and knowledge required for its work.

It is in charge of sanitation and the control of epidemic diseases, hospitals, dispensaries, rural health stations, nurseries, sanatoria, health resorts, pharmacies. The setting of standards is one of the important functions of the all-Union Commissariat.

The Commissariat for the Union establishes health policies, directs and co-ordinates the work of the Health Commissariats of the constituent republics, and attends to health problems that concern the Union as a whole.

The Commissariats are in charge of educational institutions. Medical students have a five-year course which is supplemented by a period of three years spent in rural practice.

All rural physicians have regular post-graduate courses of several months' duration every three years. There are also schools for the middle medical personnel, that is, medical assistants, midwives, nurses, dental and pharmaceutical assistants.

The Commissariat is also responsible for the equipment required for the health work of the nation, i.e., the medical industries, pharmaceutical industry, and the industries that produce instruments, apparatuses, appliances, etc.

Attached to the Health Commissariat of the USSR are 26 All-Union Scientific Research Institutes devoted to the various fields of medicine.

The administration of health is not carried out in a dictatorial way, but most democratically. Special committees of the Medical Workers' Union are in constant touch with the Commissariat, and no decision concerning medical workers is taken without consultation. Every factory, every farm has its health committee that co-operates very closely with the health agencies.

Promotion of Health

The Soviet Union carries on a vigorous campaign of health education. In school, youth organizations, in factory and farm, no opportunity is lost to teach health. Health committees in the working places take an active part in improving the health conditions of their immediate environment and in preparing the health plans of the nation. Health education goes hand-in-hand with political education. The Soviet citizen is aware of his responsibilities toward the community.

The development of physical culture on a mass scale is another measure to promote health. Facilities for rest and recreation are an extremely important public health

function. Endless numbers of vacation camps, rest-homes, and resorts have been built, and a great tourist organization makes it easy for the people to plan to carry out vacation tours.

Prevention of Disease

The prevention of infectious diseases is carried out through sanitation and immunization.

Great attention is paid to the protection of motherhood, infancy and childhood. This is a preventive measure of the greatest significance. The protection of labor, the creation of the best possible working conditions is the responsibility of the trade unions. They collect vast social insurance funds and spend them also. One of their tasks is the protection of workers against accidents and disease. Labor inspection is very strict and is carried out by sanitary inspectors and specially trained labor inspectors.

Periodic examinations of workers take place regularly, and their frequency is prescribed by law.

There is a vast network of medical centers which provide a system of medical care that encourages people to seek medical advice at the slightest symptom before serious illness has broken out.

Medical Care Through Medical Centers

The people need more than a family doctor today; they need the co-ordinated services of the general practitioner and of a wide range of specialists.

The Soviet Union has met this need by establishing a nation-wide system of medical centers. Large factories or collective farms have their own medical centers. In addition, all factories have first-aid stations staffed with nurses and a few doctors. Other medical centers serve residential districts; in the cities every district has its complete medical center.

All doctors appointed on salaries which are determined by experience, responsibility and hazard. They have four weeks vacation with full pay and frequent post-graduate courses. In addition to the regular staff, the medical centers have consultants, usually professors of the medical school. Private practice is not forbidden, but the better the public services became, the less demand there was for private physicians, so that private practice has practically died out.

A rural medical center usually has its own general hospital and maternity beds. The medical station of a collective farm with a population of about 800-1000 may have one doctor, one dentist, a few nurses, a couple of midwives, and a dozen beds. This is ample of general medical care and minor surgery. Specialized services are provided by the district hospital, and all health institutions of such a rural district are under the supervision of the district health department.

No country has ever made such wide use of its natural curative forces, of mineral springs and climatic stations, and the results achieved in the treatment of chronic diseases have been very remarkable.

Rehabilitation

Many factories have special workshops for handicapped workers. Disabled craftsmen join co-operatives where they can continue their work with government aid. And when a man's disability does not permit him to resume his former occupation, he is trained for the work for which he is best fitted at government expense.

Statistics Show Canada Needs Health Reform

War is a time of testing, and brings to the surface facets of a nation's life which otherwise pass unnoticed and unheralded. A very important phase of Canadian life which has been brought into the public focus of late is national health. Statistics show Canada to be a startlingly unhealthy nation despite her relatively high standard of living.

As a result, planners across the country have been discussing health reform and its various aspects and have been promulgating ways and means by which adequate medical care can be made available to each and every Canadian in need of it. Some of the principles evolved are that apply to all persons on a national, uniform scale, that it be part of a national social security program (for instance, present deplorable housing conditions contribute materially to our state of ill-health), that it make available the best in medical service to rural as well as to urban dwellers) to include hospitalization, specialists, technical apparatus and an adequate number of practitioners; that it lay definite stress on the prevention of ill-health and the promotion of positive good-health and that it be compatible with the welfare and best interests of both layman and doctor. In particular, may it be noted that any proposed scheme of national health care must not tend to stifle initiative in the medical profession; it must provide means for advancement through capability and endeavor, and it must provide adequate remuneration for the doctor, whose lot at any time is not an easy one. Freedom from political control is a sine qua non from the doctor's point of view.

A proposed bill to institute a scheme of health insurance is at present before a sub-committee of the House of Commons for study, but the last draft made public has been withdrawn and has not yet been re-issued in its revised form. Numerous technical difficulties lie in the path of any drastically new system of dispensing medical care to the people of the nation, but all omens point to the not-too-far distant inauguration of a comprehensive scheme to combat ill-health and promote good-health in Canada. One thing is certain—Canada needs it.

IAIN YOUNGER.

of the school, the bakery, barber shop, and render first aid when accidents occur in the fields.

In addition, the Medical Director has a disinfectant on his staff, and a health worker trained in sanitary engineering.

Such a unit may serve a group of about 10,000 people; the number of units available in a district depends on the size and distribution of the population.

It is the task of the District Health Department to enforce minimum standards everywhere, and if local budgets are inadequate, aid must be granted from the state budget.

Maternity care has been brought right into the villages, by the provision of small Collective Farm Maternity Homes. The farms also operate seasonal nurseries to look after the children during the busy summer season.

Rural Health Personnel

Our problem of persuading well-trained young doctors to practise in rural districts does not occur in the Soviet Union.

The majority of the medical students come from farms, and therefore study with the intention of returning to the farms. Talented young people are frequently aided by their collective farms, which defray all their expenses while they are studying in the city.

The Soviet country doctor does not depend for a living on the per capita income of the population he serves. Being salaried, he is economically independent. His salary is larger than that of a city doctor of equal position and experience, because his task is more difficult and his responsibility greater. Like all medical workers, he enjoys all benefits of social insurance.

The erection of rural medical centers with hospital and laboratory facilities permits the country doctor to practise scientific medicine. Besides having one month's vacation every year, the rural physician attends every three years a post-graduate course of at least three months. During that period he receives not only his salary, but also a special allowance.

After graduation, almost all young physicians spend three years in rural practice as part of their general training. This gives them an all-round experience, after which they may return to the city if they so choose, but many remain in the country.

The work of the rural practitioner is supplemented by that of the middle medical personnel, the midwife, public health nurse and doctor's assistant.

Co-ordination of Urban and Rural Health Work

Surgeons, gynecologists, obstetricians and pediatricians are stationed in the rural medical centers that serve the collective farms. Specialists may be found in the more elaborate facilities of the district seat, but the place of the brain surgeon

Medical Care Through Medical Centres in USSR

From an article of same name by Dr. H. E. Sigerist, in *American Review of Soviet Medicine*, December, 1942.

Administrative Organization of Medical Centers

The apex of the pyramid is the People's Commissariat of Public Health of the USSR, which determines standards, issues policies, and co-ordinates activities.

Next, is the People's Commissariat of Public Health of a constituent republic which administers its medical centers.

The next smaller administrative unit, the People's Commissariat of Public Health of an autonomous republic within the constituent republic, or corresponding to it, the health department of a region or territory is in charge of the inspection of all medical institutions of the area.

The same is true for the next unit, the health department of a city or district.

There are three types of institutions: the large general center, the smaller general center and the specialized center. The two general centers serve residential districts and industrial plants. The specialized center specializes in the prevention and treatment of such diseases as tuberculosis, cancer, mental disease, skin and venereal diseases and gonorrhea.

The medical station is the smallest unit; it is staffed by physicians or medical assistants and nurses, and gives first aid and routine treatments and is the outpost of the general centers.

Most cities have emergency stations for the treatment of victims of accidents.

The Smaller General Center (Ambulatory)

It is staffed by more than 14 physicians, and serves up to 10,000 people. The physicians are general practitioners and specialists. They see patients at the medical centre and in the home.

It must be prepared to give medical, minor surgical, obstetric, gynecologic and dental care.

Consultation and treatment are free of charge, a public service to which the people are entitled as a basic right guaranteed by the constitution.

All physicians are salaried. Salaries are determined by three factors: experience, responsibility and hazard. All doctors have four weeks of vacation a year with full salary and opportunities for post-graduate training. The free choice is limited by the number of physicians available. Monetary considerations do not spoil the physician-patient relationship.

Children's Consultation Bureaus are administered by special departments of the health authorities. These bureaus may be independent or connected with medical centers.

The Large General Center (Polyclinic)

This centre handles all cases that do not require hospitalization. It must always have at least seven specialized departments: internal medicine, surgery, gynecology, otolaryngology, ophthalmology, dentistry, and neuropsychiatry.

The size of the staff varies according to the population served. It has medical stations which act as outposts in the factories of the districts. The department of surgery must have a department of orthopedics. The department of internal medicine has offices for the physicians on duty and also for the district visiting health officers.

The Soviet physician serves in a medical center on a full-time appointment. The medical center is not an out-patient department; it gives all complete medical services that can be given outside a hospital. There are no restrictions on home calls.

Medical centers are under the supervision of the health departments. Patients, however, have the right to complain to their Commissariat of Health, and every complaint must be investigated.

The District Visiting Health Officer

He serves the section of the population using the medical center, and is the liaison between the medical center and the home.

He does medical - prophylactic work: he examines and treats patients at the office and in the home as a family doctor. He also supervises certain groups of patients.

He also does sanitary-prophylactic work: he makes surveys of housing and living conditions. He is in charge of immunization and health education.

Every district has a citizens' health committee—the people's health is the concern of the people themselves. This committee lends its aid to all medical workers of the district.

Apart from this general district health committee, every block, every apartment house has its own health committee that concerns itself with the health conditions of its unit. They also have first-aid stations which are the smallest units in the

and similar specialists is obviously in the city.

A medical school or large city hospital sends out squads of specialists, mobile clinics to tour rural districts periodically. Complicated cases may be referred to the large city centers by the rural practitioner.

Physical Culture "Ready For Labor And Defence" In The Soviet Union

Digest of an article by P. M. Dawson, "Physical Culture in S.U.," in *American Review of Soviet Medicine*, Oct., 1943.

Physical culture has its ruling body, the All-Union Council of Physical Culture appointed by the Council of People's Commissars, and is made up of outstanding experts in physical culture. Subordinate to the All-Union Council, each of the con-

wide network of medical institutions.

Health Education Program of the Medical Center

Health education is one of the major activities of the medical center. The elements of first aid and hygiene are given to everybody. Those who become Red Cross workers are the physician's helpers, and are given specialized instruction on how to operate first-aid stations.

Very important is the education of the patient. Not only must the treatment be explained to him, but also the factors responsible for his illness. He must be advised on how to avoid recurrences.

A tremendous campaign in health education is carried on permanently in the USSR, and it has been so successful because it is always combined with education in citizenship.

stituent republics of the Soviet Union has its own council.

The goal of physical culture is expressed in the slogan, "Ready for Labor and Defence." The method for the realization of this goal is by setting up a standard of efficiency, creating an interest, and implementing this interest in every possible way.

The standards comprise a series of tests, each of which is either physical, military, medical, or educational. There are three grades of tests of increasing severity: one for children up to 18 years, and two for adults.

The candidates must show proficiency as propagandists and devotees of physical culture. They must have considerable knowledge of personal hygiene.

The training of teachers is the function of the Institutes of Physical Culture. Instruction is given to specialists, coaches, dancers, medical students and sports doctors. The object of research in these institutes is to throw light upon problems relating to physical culture.

The entrance requirements are as follows: the candidate must have graduated with high standing from a general or a factory school, have achieved a children's badge, and have passed a medical and physical examination. They are examined medically once or twice a year thereafter. For students wishing to engage in particular sports, there are special examinations. The course consists of four years of ten months each.

There are two sorts of graduates in physical culture. The first is the coach, who is a specialist in some activity and has had two years of training. There are three categories of coaches. The other sort of graduate must be a specialist equal to a coach, but in addition familiar with all the other techniques and have a theoretical background which is more extensive than that of the coach.

Moreover, a student may specialize in research. Safeguarding of the individual participant from avoidable injury becomes an important task entrusted to the sports doctors.

Women form 28 percent of the

The authorities pay large stipends in proportion to the rising quality of the work. However, all purely intellectual attainments are viewed in the light of the student's social attitude as expressed by his willingness to enter into co-operative enterprises.

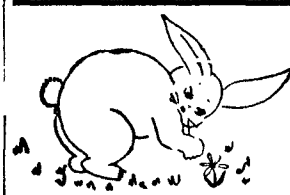
The life of these students is arduous; the schedule calls for six hours of practical work and six hours of theoretical work daily. In March comes the spring vacation, when the students go in a body to some rest home or sanatorium. June and July are spent in camp, where much of the activity is directed by instructors from the Red Army. August and September is the long vacation which can be spent as the spring vacation is, or by a visit to home.

There are two sorts of graduates in physical culture. The first is the coach, who is a specialist in some activity and has had two years of training. There are three categories of coaches. The other sort of graduate must be a specialist equal to a coach, but in addition familiar with all the other techniques and have a theoretical background which is more extensive than that of the coach.

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Women form 28 percent of the

(This article is continued on Page 9.)



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RURAL HEALTH SERVICES, PERSONNEL, IN THE USSR

Since Health Insurance is being widely discussed in Canada today, it might prove helpful to students of this subject if they were given an idea as to how medical services are administered in a country which has pioneered in providing complete medical care for its peoples. For over twenty-five years the Soviet Union has been building a system of health services that are now recognized to be the most complete in the world in meeting the medical needs of its peoples. It is with the object of learning by and profiting from the experiences of organized medicine in the Soviet Union that the following survey of rural health services is made. This article is based on an editorial by Dr. Henry E. Sigerist in "The American Review of Soviet Medicine" of Feb., 1944.

Rural Health Services

The Soviet Union is very similar to Canada in that it is predominantly a rural country, since about 130 of its 190 million people live in rural districts. Today the Soviet Union has two basic types of farms, the state farm which is organized very much along industrial lines, and the collective farm. The great majority of all farmers are organized in collective farms.

For the provision of health services, health units were developed in strategic points of a district, each one providing medical services to the population of a certain number of collective farms.

The District Health Department is in charge of all medical services of the district, and the District Health

Officer is responsible for the functioning of the services and for the health conditions of the population. It is his duty to visit several times every year all health institutions of his district.

Under the Health Department is a Director of Rural Medical Services, who controls all branches of the unit. His most important institution is the Medical Center and Hospital. It has a medical, surgical, maternity and infectious disease department, and a clinical and X-ray laboratory.

A separate institution within the unit is the Women's and Children's Consultation Center staffed with a gynecologist and a pediatrician. The unit also has a pharmacy, which is under the control of the Medical Director and the Pharmaceutical Division of the territory.

In addition to the Medical Center serving several collective farms are the Medical Stations right in the village. The Medical Station is staffed, not by physicians, but by nurses, midwives and doctor's assistants, who attend to the everyday ailments of the people. They are in constant touch with the doctors of the Medical Center, who in turn come to the village stations at regular intervals.

Every collective farm has its Health Committee, consisting of medical workers and farmers. They meet regularly to discuss the health problems of the group. On every farm there are also men and women trained by the Red Cross, who co-operate with health authorities in supervising the sanitary conditions

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Philosoph Essay Contest, First Prize

"Mac"

By Anatole Roshko

Edmonton was thirty minutes behind, Calgary a comfortable five hours ahead. Outside, the bare clumps of willow, pale, weathered stubble fields and patches of old, dirty snow glided past. But for the moment, the two travelling companions had no interest in the scenery. They had slipped into the easy, casual conversation of chance companions, so natural and easy for Canadians, and so constant a source of wonder for people from across the Atlantic. Already half a dozen topics, from an analysis of the mild winter, through optimistic appraisal of events in Europe, to comments on the current session of the Legislature, had been disposed of. To one, obviously a salesman or agent, of portly age, well balded and rounded, coat and vest unbuttoned, legs comfortably stretched in front, and the other, a young pilot officer of nineteen or twenty, curly blond, slim, erect and alert, in his bearing all the confidence of the three days old wings on his breast, both seemed to possess a broad general store of information on current topics.

For a moment, the conversation was tacitly suspended, as the middle-aged woman several seats down the aisle broke out in a volley of scolding and the little girl on her knee began to cry. The outburst was in some European tongue, a tobacco-auction stream of strange inflections. "Damn it, these foreigners get me down," complained the salesman. "Why don't these foreigners learn how to talk?" His speech had in it the correctness of a grade ten education, the favor of jokes across lunch counters and arguments with common people.

"I would say you have no great love for people from Europe," observed the young officer, his tone poised and unhurried, with a liberal touch of smile in it.

"You said it—," and then he added, "unless they're from Britain. These Squareheads and Wops and Bohemians just don't fit into our civilization. Twenty years, some of them, and still can't say, 'It's a nice day' without making a face. They should never have let them in in the first place. And now they're talking about more immigrants after this war is over."

"Is it, then, only their speech to which you object? That is relatively unimportant. Perhaps their thoughts and ideas are little different from ours."

"Naw, everything about them is foreign—the way they talk and the way the dress and the way they act. They just don't fit." His ideas had been a long time established.

"Well, perhaps it is a hard chance for a person to make in the middle of his life. But their children are not the same. They are quite—how would you say it?—Canadian. Most of my school chums weren't of British parentage, but we never gave it a thought. Even when visiting at their homes, the queer speech of their parents didn't bother me a great deal. Perhaps you have not had much contact with them."

"All the contact I want."

"After all, are we not all foreigners, from some time or other in the past? Even though a large part of us is of British descent. It takes many different peoples to make a country like ours. For myself, I think it would be a fine idea to let people into our country after the war, or even before. If we did our part, it would not be long before they were assimilated. No longer than a generation, and perhaps less. That's not long, if one has the future in mind."

"Yeah, and how are you going to assimilate them?"

"Why, there are several ways, some of them occurring quite naturally. The easiest is to merely let their children live among us and grow up with our children," and the young lad's eyes twinkled, "and become part of us. They will never have any feelings other than Canadian. That is practically complete assimilation right there."

"As for their parents, if we do our part a little better, they will quickly become good citizens too. For a person to become part of something, he must help to create, build or improve it. If we could give them opportunities, interests, a feeling that they have a part in our life, that they are not resented or avoided, they would not be long in becoming Canadian."

"Sure," came the guffaw, "give them opportunities when there aren't

even enough for my own kids. And this business of assimilation—it doesn't work that way. Why, some of their kids can't even speak decent English. And how about these bunches that go off and settle by themselves—look at the Hutterites and the Doukhobors, and the Frenchmen up north here."

"In answer to your first remark, it would of course be necessary that we had opportunities to offer. It would mean a different economic condition from what we had. But that is another problem."

"As for the settlements, I do agree that some measures would have to be taken to prevent their occurrence. It would be best not to give entry to people as a social or religious group, and perhaps, even to distribute them according to some well-planned, flexible system. But more important would be to extend toward them the right attitude, that they would not have to collect in their own group for mutual comfort."

"That, too, would solve the speech problem, for their men would be working with Canadian-speaking men, their children would be playing and learning with Canadian children, and their women would have opportunities to mix with Canadian folks."

"There was a moment of pondering. 'I don't know—some of them just never learn to talk.'"

"You seem very concerned about their speech," was the mild, laughing reply. "But you are right. The problem of language is the most difficult—and the most important, for once it is solved, the rest is relatively easy. Let's think of a few attempts at solution."

"First is the one I mentioned—the children. They will quite naturally learn to speak correctly if living in a Canadian community."

"Then, through them, and through the other contacts of a community, we could 'work on' their hearts. The children would be especially useful in this respect, for if they could be encouraged to speak Canadian in their own homes, with their folks, conversion would be very fast indeed. People can learn language very quickly if they have the opportunity."

"Sure, professors and scientists and such. But most of these immigrants are too damned dumb to learn to say, 'Thank you.'"

"Very true, the educated refugees and immigrants pick up the language much more quickly. That is partly a matter of poise and confidence. I don't think it is a matter of intelligence. What is more important is the opportunity—they are accepted by our people, we are glad to have them—for their education and achievements. If we applied this formula to less fortunate people, results would be not much different. It takes only the intelligence of a one-year-old to learn to speak a language."

A few minutes passed in concentrated meditation. "Maybe you've got something there, but it sounds too easy to work. You talk pretty smoothly."

The pilot officer grinned. "Well, let's sum up. First, we would have to have opportunities to offer them, so that they could wholeheartedly and unembarrassed enter into our life. Secondly, we would have to give their growing children an opportunity to mingle as much as possible with our own, and to live our life. This means that we would have to, by some means of distribution, settle them in active communities, where they would come into contact with our people. Such control should be not too difficult to work out. Then, we should encourage Canadian speech in homes—say, by encouragement of and instructions to school children. Perhaps we could even have a few adult night classes to start things going. Lastly, and most essentially, we would have to adopt an attitude of welcome, give them the confidence that they are Canadians, not foreigners, that their children will be the next Canadian generation. And for this, unfortunately, there can be no governing, directing body. One's mind and attitude is his own. But a proper educational campaign—through schools, newspapers, movies, radio, magazines—would work wonders. Our people are rather responsive to this form of education."

He smiled and turned to the man, waiting for a reply. The man surveyed him with new interest. He grinned genuinely and approved,

Philosoph Essay Contest, Second Prize

Socialized Medicine, is it Practical?

By Les Drayton

There can be little doubt that some form of socialized medicine is a practical possibility. Various forms have been tried out in many countries and have proven reasonably successful. Thus we see it is quite possible to socialize certain parts of medical services at least, and that it may be practical to socialize all medical services.

However, before we discuss the problems involved in the various types of socialized medicine, it is well that we should clarify our terms. The first thought that is suggested by the term "socialized medicine" is the provision of all medical services free to the citizens by the state. This is, however, only one form of socialized medicine. It is apparent that if any medical service is provided by the state to its citizens free of charge that service is socialized medicine. Moreover, provision free of charge is not an essential feature of socialization. If the state produces a commodity and sells it double the cost of production, it has still socialized the production of that commodity. The essential feature of socialization is that of a large collective body of people assuming entrepreneurial functions. This body is usually the state or a subdivision of it, such as a municipality. But, as Beatrice and Sidney Webb have pointed out, production by a consumer's co-operative, being non-profit production, is also social or socialized production. Thus when we consider socialized medicine, we must consider the provision of any form of medical service by either a co-operative or any government authority whatsoever. Indeed, trade unions and lodges could be added to the list of institutions that may provide socialized medicine.

Let us now review what bodies have provided socialized medicine in the past, and try to estimate the success of each. As a matter of fact, the instances of successful social provision of medical services are so numerous that we cannot hope to discuss them all.

First, there is the provision of medicine by voluntary organizations, such as co-operatives and trade unions. The direct employment of doctors by co-operatives has seldom been tried because of the bitter opposition of medical associations. But a group of farmers at Elk City, Oklahoma, have demonstrated that it can be done, and more cheaply than private medicine is supplied. They have built their own hospital, fully modern in every way. They employ five doctors on a part salary and part fee basis. A very broad range of hospital and doctor services are provided at a rate of \$24.00

per year for a family of four. Other medical services are provided at a fraction of usual charges. In view of the fact that the per family cost of medical services in the U.S.A. has been estimated in a careful study to exceed \$100 per annum, it is seen that this is a big accomplishment. Incidentally, this hospital has now operated for twelve years. Group Health Association, Washington, D.C., also employs doctors to provide medical services to its members on a prepayment plan. It is a more recent organization, and has no hospital of its own. These two instances are enough to prove that it is practical to provide socialized medicine for certain groups of people on a voluntary basis. If needed, numerous other cases of voluntary, socialized medicine could be cited.

The first example we will cite for obligatory socialized medicine is that of the municipal doctor. In rural areas of Alberta and Saskatchewan various municipalities have employed doctors. Payment is in part by salary and in part by fee. Such services as inspection of the health of school children and inoculation against contagious diseases are covered by the salary. The doctor also undertakes, as a general rule, to provide certain other services such as office advice at nominal rates to the patient. Have these plans been successful? It is impossible to compare them with the cost of private medicine, as in most of the areas concerned the services would not have been provided without a plan. These areas, settled by scattered, poverty-stricken farmers, made no promise of a lucrative practice. So the municipal doctors provide medical services that are unavailable without a measure of socialization.

Then we have the municipal hospital, which supplies the patient room and board at \$1.00 per day. This is less than cost. Of course, the difference is made up from the rates. Again, comparable statistics are hard to obtain. But there has been no tendency to turn over municipal hospitals to private hands. As a matter of fact, even if the total cost of medical services through municipal hospitals were slightly greater than from private hospitals for the same services, it would not necessarily mean that they had failed. The fact that the direct burden of hospitalization is low probably results in a great many patients being hospitalized sooner than they would otherwise have been. In a few cases this may mean unnecessary hospitalization, but in many it shortens the total period of sickness, and occasionally saves a life. Therefore, unless it can be established that municipal hospitals are considerably less efficient on a cost basis, the balance is in favor of the municipal hospital.

Dr. Morley A. R. Young told the Philosophical Society last November what has been achieved at Lamont. Been to university or college? If some of these foreigners of yours could get to speak half like you, you can bring over all you want."

"Yes, I have thought about the matter considerably. It interests me a great deal. But I have had no university education—just high school and a flair for reading every book I could lay my hands on. Most of it I owe to my folks—my ideas, my opportunities, even largely my appreciation of books."

He was interrupted by the trainman announcing the next station, Fairview.

"Well, 'I said this is where I leave you,' he said, dropping his hands on his knees and rising. 'Going to spend a few days at home with the folks, before heading east.' The white silk scarf accented his bronze features and flashing smile. 'Sorry to have to break off our discussion like this. 'It was really becoming interesting.'"

There were a few moments left

"Well, we'll probably be running into you again some time." The salesman was beaming with appreciation and the satisfaction of a stranger well-met. "I travel this line pretty regularly."

"Yes, that's very likely. Say a year from now. In the meantime, if you ever stop over at Fairview, drop in at Mac's General Store, across from the post office. My dad owns it. He'd be glad to meet you. Macowicz is the name. Polish. They call him Mac for short."

The train had stopped. "He and mom immigrated twenty years ago!"

ized medicine proves more practical than private medicine.

Our provincial government provided some medical services to the people of Alberta. The first thing that comes to mind is the treatment of Mental diseases. The cost of treatment of mental diseases is tremendous, and the victims are seldom able to pay for it. Among the very wealthy, treatment is sometimes provided by private doctors; but one can hardly conceive of these diseases being adequately cared for by private medicine for the whole population. In any case, mental diseases are normally treated in governmental institutions in most if not all countries. Here social medicine has filled another gap that private medicine is incapable of bridging.

Here in Alberta, however, we have gone further than the treatment of mental disease. Today, our provincial government is paying most of the cost of treating cancer and tuberculosis. It is perhaps too early to estimate the success of these projects in state medicine, but it is noteworthy that the government has decided to add maternity cases to the medical services that will be provided at the cost of the state. Apparently the success has been sufficient to induce further experimentation with provincial medicine.

Private medicine utterly fails to provide adequate medical services to indigents. True, most doctors are humane enough now and then to accept patients that they know full well will be unable to pay their bills. But a doctor must be careful in doing such things. He has to have paying patients to live. So most doctors discourage indigents from coming to them. The result is that the low income classes simply fail to receive adequate medical services. In recognition of this fact, municipalities usually are forced to provide socialized medicine for these people by paying part or all of their hospital bills.

It is a similar circumstance that has led to our provincial government subsidizing all our hospitals. This reduces the cost of a hospital bed, and is an aid in enabling people of medium income to get medical service when they need it.

All medical services to the army are provided by the state. No one would dream of trusting private

Comes Easter

"The daffodil his trumpet blows
And after spring a-hunting
goes . . ."

There was once a simple word for Easter—the day on which our Lord was resurrected; the day we have commemorated year after year as a happy prelude to a happy spring; the day we put on our Easter bonnets and go to church admiring others, but also expecting admiration. It is the day we play games of hunt the bunny and the nests of eggs which he is supposed to have wlayaid at odd intervals.

The original meaning of Easter is familiar to everybody. Easter, the name of the Teutonic Goddess of Spring, besides lending itself to be the name of that day, brought along with it our thoughts of spring and the childish delight and optimism for the new season. The idea of eggs originated because eggs had been a forbidden food during Lent and were restored at Easter. But among other things, Easter was long observed as a time for the reconciliation of penitents and the release of prisoners. But, unfortunately, that meaning does not hold true today.

Now, Easter is one of those happy holidays which we celebrated before this catastrophe befell us. We longingly look for the day when we may turn our minds completely to thoughts of the ray, yet very sentimental spirit of Easter.

Our boys will miss their homes this Easter Day. They will miss the early rising with prayers in which the whole family took a part in praying for happiness and a different sort of peace. He will miss the breakfast that was begun and ended with hot cross buns buttered and straight from the oven—his mother, who brought in the heaping platter. Now those same buns are dreams of the past and the future, as are bunnies and chocolate eggs.

He will miss the elderly next door neighbor who never failed to pop in to say hello and bring a little Easter present for all the youngsters—but which his mother insisted were very bad for little children at that early hour of the morning.

He will miss the usual Church service that the family always went

medicine to provide adequate medical service to our soldiers, sailors and airmen. Once again social medicine has proven much more practical than private.

Many countries have experimented in health insurance. Some claim that these plans have been rather unsuccessful. True, there have been numerous abuses and many problems of administration. Yet there is not to my knowledge a single country that has abandoned health insurance once it has given it a fair trial—unless to go one step further and establish complete state medicine. On the other hand, from time to time, another country is added to the list of those that have health insurance. It appears that Canada will be added this year. Some of these plans are nearly sixty years old. So we can have little doubt that health insurance has proven practical.

It may be pointed out that under health insurance a doctor may still practise on a fee basis—but he is paid by the state. Thus incomes might vary between doctors as to their popularity and ability. This is not, however, the essential feature of private medicine as distinct from social. The doctor has ceased to be a private entrepreneur, and has become an employee of the state, although he may not recognize this fact. And we have already noted the spread of health insurance; and the duration of its existence in some countries proves that it must be practical, at least in some countries.

Only two countries, so far as I am aware, have experimented with pure state medicine—New Zealand and Russia. State medicine was introduced a few years ago in New Zealand by expanding a health insurance plan to cover all citizens of the country, whether they could pay the regular contributions or not. At first, the medical profession protested bitterly, but when the government threatened to select college students and pay the full cost of training them to be doctors, it

yielded. A few doctors will practice, independent of the plan, among the rich. On the whole, however, the plan appears to have proven reasonably satisfactory.

State medicine was a product of the revolution in Russia. Because of the difficulty of obtaining authentic information on Russia, we cannot be certain as to how successful it is. Several writers, however, have claimed that venereal disease is today wiped out in Russia. If this be the case, socialized medicine has an accomplishment to its credit that private medicine has not paralleled. Further, in the field of medical research, Russia's contributions in recent years appear to equal those of any country. It is perhaps significant that while Russia has shown a tendency to move toward private enterprise in many fields, it has not diverged from the practice of providing free medical services to all its citizens. Apparently the Russians have decided that state medicine is practical.

It is easy to theorize, of course, about the difficulties and impracticability of socialized medicine. It is also easy to theorize about its possibilities. But why do either when, as we have seen, it has been tried in many forms and succeeded?

Co-operative medicine proved practical in Elk City. Several Western Canadian municipalities have proven the practicability of having municipal doctors and hospitals. Some problems of medical care, like the handling of the insane, were never really met until forms of socialized medicine were evolved to meet them. The army believes in socialized medicine. Health insurance plans have succeeded. Full state medicine itself appears to be succeeding in Russia. On what grounds, then, can we say that socialized medicine is impractical?

The Third Prize Essay in the Philosophical Contest is printed on Page 8.

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(Continued on Page 10)

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We know that dirt and disease and undernourishment are indeed bad things, but we know that they are not the real root of the trouble; beneath them there lies the poison of greed, callousness, irresponsibility, which is the cause of most of them and which has got to be eradicated before we can have any guarantee that our fine new order will ever come into being, or will last very long if it does. That old familiar cynical remark, "You can't change human nature," is a detestable lie; but at least it shows that men know very well what is the thing that needs to be changed. They know very well that at bottom it is the evil, not the suffering, that is the real thing to be fought.

We have allowed our moral judgment, our sense of the difference between right and wrong, to get all mixed up with our emotional, our feeling judgment, our sense of the difference between pleasure and pain. And that has meant in plain language that when we found ourselves in a situation, either a private or a national situation, in which we had to decide between two courses of action or two policies, instead of saying, this is right and therefore we will choose it, we said, this is more convenient or profitable, this will mean much less bother, less risk, less hardship, so let's agree to that.

Now, if you don't mind my speaking plainly, that is damnation. There is no possible doubt as to which side the moral judgment of Christ comes down on, which He regarded as the real enemy. "He had compassion on the multitude"—yes, of course; but the full weight and force of His will was directed against the pride and greed and lovelessness which were poisoning men's hearts. And you know where it landed him. . . .

We turn what the Bible calls the righteousness of God into benevolence. And we come to believe that God's main business is to protect us from harm, to act as a kind of celestial elderdown to keep us snug and warm. God Who spared not His only Son: God Who let the One whom He loved with a love which we cannot begin to understand, endure the kind of things that happened on Good Friday, because only so could evil be fought, and conquered—no, there is no doubt which God regards as the real enemy.

—F. A. Cockin, in The Listener.

Can we be really satisfied to believe that the crucifixion was the last and decisive word in that marvelous, world-transforming story? Do we accept with sad resignation the bitter knowledge that

"Now He is dead! For hence He lies
In the lorn Syrian town;
And on His grave, with shining eyes,

The Syrian stars look down?"
There is one historical certainty, at least, that is established beyond all doubt or question—that it was only because the first disciples had what they felt to be good ground for believing that the crucifixion was not the final word, that the Christian Church came into existence and that all the effects followed which under its influence have given shape to our Western world. If we really believe that God is love—and on that belief everything turns—is it actually so difficult to believe that the whole of our natural existence is subject to the control of Spirit and that the life in which that love

was completely manifested had power to triumph over death? Belief in the resurrection of Christ is the assertion that the sovereignty of God and the supremacy of spirit have been vindicated in the natural creation and are not simply truths relating to an ideal world. . . .

Baron von Hugel was surely right in insisting that we have as Christians to hold firmly, on the one hand, that a nucleus of factual, historical happenings is essential and indispensable to Christianity and to recognize, on the other hand, that the precise nature of these happenings is a matter for free historical enquiry and criticism, so that our understanding and interpretation of what happened may change with the advance of knowledge.

I agree whole-heartedly with Professor MacMurray that the vindication of the faith of the Church can be found only in action. The vital matter is not intellectual assent to an assertion about historic fact, but the response of our whole being to the God revealed in the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ—a response which enables us to confront without fear the forces that threaten human existence and to triumph over them. Only a faith of that quality can lead to the victory that overcomes the world. . . .

—J. H. Oldham in the Christian News-Letter.

Between the decision for God and the decision for neighbour there is a most intimate connection. In the New Testament these are always intertwined. We should in all remembrance of God remember also our neighbour, and in all thought of our neighbour think also of God. Our highest act of worship is not a mystic "flight of the alone to the Alone," but a fellowship meal, a Holy Communion. We come before God as "Our Father" to whom all His other children have the same right of access; the truth about God is, among other things, His universal Fatherhood. . . .

It is a question of vital importance whether history makes any fundamental difference to our understanding of reality. The Greek view was that it does not, and through the great thinkers of antiquity the Hellenic view still exercises a powerful influence over the modern mind.

In the Christian view, on the other hand, it is in history that the ultimate meaning of human existence is both revealed and actualized. If history is to have a meaning, there must be some central point at which that meaning is decisively disclosed. The Jews found the meaning of their history in the call of Abraham, the deliverance from Egypt, and the covenant with God following upon it. For Mohammedans the meaning of history has its centre in Mohammed's flight from Mecca. For Marxists the culminating meaning is found in the emergence of the proletariat. The Nazis vainly pinned their hopes to the coming of Hitler. For Christians the decisive meaning of history is given in Christ.

Christianity is thus essentially a continuing action in history determining the course of human development. The Christian understanding of history has much closer affinities with the Marxist view, in which all assertions about the nature of man are inseparably bound up with the dynamics of his historical existence, and with other dynamic views of

ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL



The above picture depicts the Gothic beauty of the chapel in St. Joseph's College. Here each morning the Catholic students on the campus begin their day by attending Holy Mass at 7:00 a.m. Each evening at 6:30 p.m. Benediction takes place.

Philosophy Essay Contest, 3rd Prize

Forty Million Canadians

By "Doc" Davidson

When a Canadian first approaches the immigration question, obviously the first consideration for him is whether or not a large inflow of people from other lands is desirable. He knows that there are countless people who would like to join him in what is perhaps the roomiest country in the world. For many of them it is not a mere question of fancy, but in the more crowded areas of the earth's surface, it is a matter of life—certainly of a happy life at any rate. It is therefore the charitable thing for any Canadian to welcome his brother man. However, in our modern, "practical" society, Christian doctrines are usually quite easily circumvented, people seem to need a spur of self-interest to urge their philosophic beliefs into action. Is it possible to find such a spur in this case? The answer should be a decided Yes! to anyone who takes a look at the globe, 1944 model. The day is beginning to pass, though as yet it is admittedly barely twilight, when very small countries are able to exercise on the world an influence out of all proportion to their size, their natural wealth, and their population. The day is not far distant when the future of the world will be determined by its leviathans—the United States, Russia, and the already stirring monster, China. The British Empire must certainly be included in this group, if it is able to overcome its many disrupting influences. However, if they be taken as individual units, the world will begin to overlook the voices of the Empire, as it has already discounted the voices of the once mighty Spain, Portugal

history, which understand the world in terms of conflict, decision and fate, and regard history as belonging to the essence of existence, than with the interpretations of Christianity in terms of idealistic thought which were lately prevalent. . . . Spiritual resources are being found anything now in evidence will be needed. It may be that the greatness of the challenge will bring home to Christians how impotent they are in themselves, and so lead to that renewal which will consist in re-discovery of the sufficiency of God and manifestation of His power.

—The Archbishop of Canterbury.

The basic error of Fascism as a political and economic creed is that it puts man in place of God, power in place of love. By making man usurp the place of God, in the end it degrades man himself, making him either slave or slave-master. Our democracy will go sour on us if we allow that basic error to creep in. It will be sound only if it is inspired by faith in God and fellowship among men.

—H. V. Hodson in London Calling.

A healthy ruling class may be said to have an "unconscious" sense of responsibility—to put it in the form of paradox. Its power, if it is political power, will be limited by the authority of other centres of power, as well as by constitutional and legislative restraints. This "unconscious responsibility" through a lucky community of interest with the rest of the people, is all that we can expect of most of the members of the class; but I do not think that such a class can thrive long unless it produces individuals, superior to itself, who have a high and very conscious sense of moral responsibility both to their fellowmen of all classes and to God.

—T. S. Eliot.

Totalitarianism appears first of all as a great destructive force. It destroys not only the forces which resist openly, but also those which, though not resisting openly, continue to lead their own life. Thus it has not merely attempted to break the resistance of political parties, of intellectual forces, of the confessing Churches, but it has tried to do away with any autonomous life outside its own orbit, e.g., universities and professional groups. Its purpose in doing so is to make any alternative solution impossible and thus to make its own system indispensable and final. In doing this, totalitarianism (which pretended to fill a political, social and spiritual vacuum) has in fact created a vacuum such as has never been seen before. Individuals cease to think and to react in a personal manner; self-governing responsible groups cease to function; living traditions die; there is no other life except the artificial life imposed from above. All the inner

and Holland, and is beginning to discount that of France. If, therefore, a Canadian believes that his country's ideal and institutions have something to offer to the future of the world; and if he desires that his country should be a great—great in the sense of offering the fullest possible life for its citizens—he is bound to support measures which, by adding to his numbers, will alone ensure that Canada's twelve million people will not sink into insignificance in the "Parliament of Man."

Thus, having decided that it is desirable to increase the population of Canada from more crowded quarters of the globe, the Canadian must decide whether the country is economically capable of supporting a very much increased citizenry. This problem should not detain him long. Canada is a country of untold mineral wealth, containing the greatest potential electrical power development in the world; with a little scientific conservation, its forests would last indefinitely; with a program of irrigation, it could provide almost endless tracts of fertile soil. It is then almost foolish to question the wealth of a country whose only obvious disadvantages are that its habitable area is limited by a seven or eight hundred mile belt along the forty-ninth parallel. Some limit!

Our Canadian now is firmly satisfied that he will support a policy of immigration. However, he is overwhelmed by a flood of applications to enter the country. The problem is too important to solve either by opening the gates and letting in the flood which Canadian society couldn't hope to absorb, or by happily choosing Canada's future citizens. There are two things which suggest that the quota should be made up of the most healthy and intelligent, though not necessarily the best educated candidates. The first is that the Canadian wants the institutions and standard of living he enjoys, improved, not retarded or destroyed. He is happy to accord to his new fellow Canadian all the privileges he, himself, enjoys, but he does not want these privileges abused or crippled by mean, unhealthy, incompetent immigrants. The second is that since a change from one national or racial environ-

conditions are fulfilled of mass-life, that is of irresponsible, impersonal, unpersonal life without creativeness and responsibility.

There is then a vacuum of frightening proportions. It is in the last resort a religious vacuum. The masses despair for lack of a real substantial faith which holds on to the invisible realities. But there is one hopeful thing about a vacuum, namely, that it demands to be filled.

The affirmations which the Archbishop proposes are all perceptions of the true nature of reality. They are religious affirmations rather than ethical, relating not to what ought to be, but to what is. Those who make them may easily disagree about practical programs, into which there inevitably enter judgments of facts about which opinions may diverge. The question, therefore, is whether the common religious beliefs are powerful and passionate enough to create a unity that transcends these differences.

—J. H. Oldham.

The European countries, therefore, expect a lead to be given by the victorious nations. They want that lead at once in order to know for what world they are to prepare themselves and to counteract the nihilistic and anarchistic tendencies in their midst.

The best which they need is a clear alternative to the mass solutions. Even more than bread and peace they need hope. Hope can only be given to them if it is shown that a serious attempt is being made to create a world in which there will be freedom and security, a world in which they will not be mere pawns in a struggle for power or merely the victims of a system of production. . . .

But we shall not fulfil the great destiny that may be our either by exulting in our power or boasting of our tradition. That would be a fatal preoccupation with ourselves; all self-centredness leads in the end to death. It is only through response to the call of God in humility and self-forgetfulness that we can realize our destiny and serve mankind.

—Christian News Letter.
QUOTEUNQUOTE.

ment to another requires a tremendous readjustment in any case, it would be unfair and in fact highly reprehensible to demand such an adjustment from an individual who was either physically or mentally handicapped. It might therefore be suggested that all applications to consular offices for admittance to Canada be accompanied by a rigorous physical examination, and by as effective I.Q. and other psychological tests as the circumstances permitted.

With such a procedure, the Canadian people would be assured that the immigrants were ready to do their part. However, that is only half of the bargain—Canada must be fair, too. Before any great influx could take place, the Canadian people would have to be subjected to a high-powered educational and propaganda program. Every Hollywood trimming might have to be used, but unless the people of Canada lost the prejudice embodied in the words—Nigger, Hun, Chink, Greaser, Jap, Froggie, Limey—the barrier placed in front of immigrants attempting to become Canadians would be almost insuperable. As a practical measure, it might be advisable to limit immigrants to those of Caucasian origin at first. However, after the intensive educational drive had been given sufficient time to become effective, the limitation ought to be withdrawn as it has no moral leg to stand on.

After the immigrants had arrived in the country, the first thing to be done would be to find jobs for them—before even much attempt had been made to educate or instruct them in Canadian customs or thinking. To be working at something constructive, not to be dependent on the charity of strangers, would give immense encouragement to, and be wonderful for the morale of the bewildered newcomers. Obviously, the present economic system could not guarantee such jobs, since it cannot find employment at all times for native Canadians who know the language and are familiar with the work. Canada would need then, if not a planned economy, at least a considerable modification of the present one in order to give the immigrants a feeling of security. A lower floor to the wage scale would be essential in order that the newcomers would not become dissatisfied. Canada could look to the second generation with justifiably high hopes, if during their education they had lived in secure, happy homes. There is admittedly the practical question of where the government would get the money to secure this wage floor. A partial answer is that the government has been able to finance the vast war expenditures, to the extent of almost one-half by taxation alone. Change even half this colossal sum to peace-time production, and public works programs and employment for all could almost be guaranteed. Obviously, however, taxation must be maintained at close to its present rate.

Once the immigrants had been able to satisfy their primary urges for food, clothing and shelter, and felt that these were secure, then would be the time to begin a concerted educational effort. The first subject which ought to be mastered would be the language, because it is perhaps the most powerful of social barriers. Meanwhile studies might be progressing in the subject's own language if he were literate, on English philosophy and British and Canadian history in order to give him a basis for the learning of good citizenship.

Above all, the Canadian government should not make the error of allowing immigrants to segregate themselves into isolated valleys or areas where they could set up their own tiny national states. Such gross mistakes were made with regard to such groups as the Doukhobors and the Hutterites. There would be no question of repression; native cultures could be encouraged, probably to the vast benefit of the Dominion. No Canadian should be so narrow-minded as to think that his way of life is perfect and can derive no inspiration from that of other lands. It would be comparatively easy to prevent this natural tendency of minority groups to come together, if the government, by a clear-sighted

Education By Mail

By E. N. THOMPSON

Few people about the campus realize that there is in Edmonton an educational institution with enrolment almost twice as large as the University of Alberta. This is the Correspondence School Branch of the Department of Education, located in the Terrace Building, below the Legislative Buildings. The enrolment at the present time stands about as follows: High School Section, 2,474 pupils; Intermediate Section, 564; Elementary Section 734. The number of full-time instructors is about 40.

"But what do you do in the Correspondence School? Do you mark papers?" a person will ask vaguely, when he meets a teacher from the C.S.B. Yes, we mark papers, but we call it correcting lessons. The purpose and procedure of correcting lessons are different from marking departmental examinations, and different, also, from the work a teacher does in correcting exercises of pupils in the classroom. Most teachers of experience find the correcting of exercises the least interesting part of their job, coming as it does at the end of a long day in the classroom. They have a tendency to think, therefore, that the correspondence teacher's job must be dull and tedious. I have not found it so, and I think that I can speak for most of the instructors in saying that our

economic policy, made certain that Canada was a land of opportunity. All immigrants would be encouraged by the success of their fellows to take advantage of every opportunity presented to them.

By the end of one or two generations, following such a program, Canada would not be able to distinguish her "pure Aryan" sons from those of any other origin. She would then be a truly great country of immense physical wealth exploited by a strong, free people—not only a geographical Dominion extending from sea to sea, but similarly a Dominion of human beings. Canada might then be a living example and forerunner of "the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the world."

work is of absorbing interest and of lasting satisfaction.

In the first place, our work is not only to correct lessons, but to build up the complete course of lessons to be sent to the student when he enrolls. A lesson represents from ten days to two weeks' work by the student. It is our part to provide him with instructions on how to study, and to give him the facts he will need, or to tell him where he can get additional material, other than what is in the text. Assignments are given. Some, but not all, of his difficulties are anticipated, and explanations and examples are provided. The test of a course comes while it is being used, and it is then we can discover where more help is needed, and where individual difficulties occur. The same hard spot occurring again and again means that further teaching at that point is necessary. Notes are sometimes made to attach to the work of each student having the same difficulty, but in almost every lesson there is some question arising which must be handled for that individual alone. In this lies the interest for the instructor. It is not long before we know our pupils pretty well. Their developing personality shines through all their work—and our personalities, so they tell us, become quite clear to them, through the comments, encouragement, criticism and advice that we are able to give them. Then the work of the instructor is varied in other ways. The Correspondence School Branch is responsible for a number of radio broadcasts, such as the French Correspondence School broadcasts, "These Make History" and "Choose Your World" series. The correspondence pupils look forward to the opportunity of hearing their instructors from time to time, and usually each of us speaks over CKUA at least once or twice a year. Letters have to be answered. A Students' Newspaper, made up of their own contributions, is prepared two or three times a year. We are always pleased to have any our students come to visit us when they are in town.

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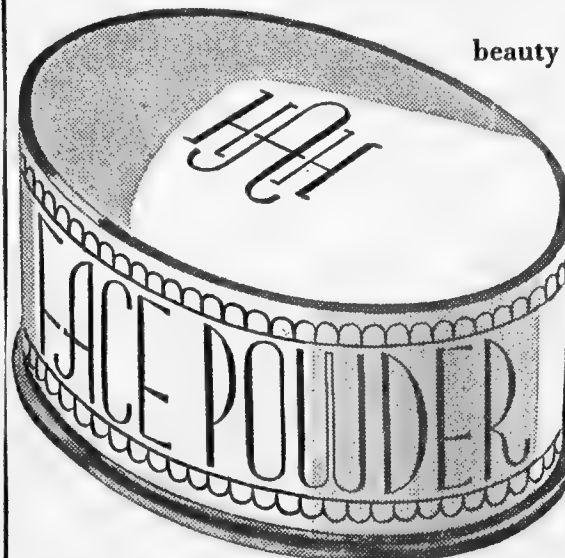
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Reminiscences of a Pedagogue

By F. W. Lehmann, Education, 1944

So here you are, where you've wanted to be ever since you were in High School. University at last! How changed everything is from the way it might have been, had you gone in the early thirties. Everyone is more serious and intent upon his own business; there is an atmosphere of deadly earnestness and mighty little frivolity that pervades the whole University. That's the war, of course. But then, you are also changed. You are more mature and a bit more settled in your ways, and so you have no regrets over lost opportunities for a lark student life. You fit in better than the younger ones do.

The younger ones, you say? You talk like an ancient, white-bearded professor, while actually you are merely a freshman around the campus. Just the same, you'll have spent a quarter of a century of your life in schools, by the end of this year, and you're not thirty yet. Where have you been, then, anyway? What kept you from coming up here before? Well, let's recall to mind a few of the events of a dozen years gone by. We'll soon see.

There was a teacher who had probably not heard of Mark Hopkins, but who had the gift of teaching even as that rugged frontiersman had it. This teacher had you in charge for a year of your boyhood, and ever afterwards you corresponded with him. The subject matter that he taught you is mostly forgotten, but the spirit and manner in which he taught you and your classmates has left its indelible mark upon your mind. He had the serene philosophy that comes to a man in the late fullness of a life that is devoted to the understanding of hearts and minds of the boys whom he has taught and is teaching. You determined that if you ever taught school, this esteemed teacher would be your inspiration and your guide. Then there was that young girl who taught in the little country high school you had to attend years later; so you decided more than ever that you'd be a teacher, in order to be able to show a class some day that you could read poetry, and teach history, you cocky young upstart!

Well, it so happened that wheat was eighteen cents a bushel in '32. You were lucky that you could go to Normal School at all, and have at least a chance at University a year later. Remember how you thought you were going to set some kind of new record on your teaching assignments? Well, you didn't, naturally; you discovered instead that you had a lot to learn before you could expect to teach a roomful of boys and girls.

That certificate in your hand at the end of May entitled you to sit down and write letters to school boards, requesting them to hire you at whatever salary the A.T.A. told you to apply for. Since there were scores of teachers with experience and qualifications ready to accept anything that a school board advertising a vacancy would be pleased to offer, this impractical adherence to "professional ethics" brought you nowhere. You wrote about thirty letters of application, and waited throughout June and July for an answer that never came. Finally, you heard of a district where the school board knew the minister who knew the minister who knew you. By such devious methods of "pull", you were finally in the position of teacher of Little Moosehorn School, with one old suitcase of clothes and an apple-box full of books to your name, and a head full of ambition, conceit, and not much else. It didn't help change your attitude, either, that Mrs. McDonald introduced you to the neighbors who "dropped in" during the first few evenings, as "the schoolmaster". That was the correct term in the Hebrides, whence the McDonalds had come a few years ago; but you, an awkward kid not out of his teens yet—well, that was like saying "Your Royal Highness" to an assistant clerk in the post office.

When you rang the bell on that first morning of school, you thought you had a good lesson plan for the day's work, written out the night before; but as the children came to their seats, it suddenly went blank before your eyes, and you didn't know what you were going to do with them. However, things gradually got under way somehow. After a few days, you were in the thick of it, a full head of steam up, and the lever set for full speed ahead. If you just hadn't been so blasted ambitious. Of course you were going to beat that previous teacher all hollow; she was only a girl who had spoiled the pupils by taking them to ball games in her car and buying candy for them. You were going to make scholars out of them instead, but you forgot that you had a greater responsibility than that. You saw before you only pupils in Grade IV or VII or IX, who had to have their daily inculcation of long division, clausal analysis, and the sum of x plus y squared; but you forgot all about Clarence and Katie and Beatrice and the rest, as boys and girls. They wanted to see the human side of you; they wanted you to play ball or pump-pump-pull-away at recess instead of standing there writing outlines on the blackboard; they wanted you to give them a party and not sit at home filling out those cursed lesson plans. What was more, you let down your counsellor and guide whom you yourself had determined to take as your model.

Gradually, you became aware of the tenseness that crept into the schoolroom and built up an invisible wall to separate you from the children, a something that you tried to overcome but were too pathetically stupid, in your inexperience, to know what to do about it. You finally wrote a letter to the school inspector, asking him to come out, for he hadn't

come all year; and now it was June. When he finally did come, the old duffer apologized and said that he "didn't know a new teacher was out here," he "thought Miss Sampson was still here." He could stay only an hour, for a Departmental Examination for Grade X began at one o'clock. Ye gods! One hour's cursory examination, and next year's job hung in the balance. Of course, you bungled and messed around, the children were antagonistic and not responsive. The inspector scribbled out a Teacher's Report for you that spelled Nemesis, jumped into his car, and drove off.

Well, that was that. The school board hinted the school had been too difficult for you and that you would like to resign, which you didn't, because you had nowhere else to go. They fired you. What else did you expect them to do? You have reason to feel ashamed even now, as you reflect, in the light of subsequent experience, how grossly you mismanaged that little country school. Grammar "don't count nothing" there; Henry VII can go to Hades with his two-pronged financial policy; you can chase yourself up the Selkirks and then jump into Lake What's-its-name on the other side; social life is what matters. Applied citizenship, applied hygiene, but especially personal contact with the boys and girls by participating in their games and sports—these and many like factors are what popularize a teacher of a school in the country where every child's mother knows whether or not he brushes his teeth at night, how late he sleeps in on Sunday morning, and how often he writes home to his mother. But you didn't know these things then. It wasn't in the books. *Experientia docet*. It's the teacher-training system that's at fault, you presumed. Eight months of lectures on school management; lessons in art and music, spelling and penmanship, grammar and history; books to read on psychology and methods of teaching primary arithmetic and composition and everything else. And twelve half-hour practice teaching lessons, each in a different classroom and under a different teacher! Now you can teach school—sit down and write your applications or sue pull or browbeat or four-flush your way into a schoolroom, and you are on your way in the teaching profession. Alas the day! For, don't you see, the devices and methods on page 278 of a teacher's manual will not advance him one little step in the right direction unless and until he has put to practical application in actual life with the boys and girls, just what those methods mean. Without doing that, he is learning to swim on dry land—by reading a book about it.

You ask yourself how you got that new school in the fall? Just "pull" again, for with your Teacher's Report you hadn't a leg to stand on. A man in your home town knew a man in a district "up north", who knew the chairman of the school board up there. So you wrote your application, and were offered the job of teaching fifty-eight pupils of a dozen different nationalities, in a one-room school at five hundred dollars per annum. As you sat in that draughty, dirty, shunting, shaking railway coach a week later, you solemnly resolved to do better by those new kiddies who were entrusted to your guidance.

You must have been at least partly successful, for you retained the liking of the children to the end of the year. Some of them kept writing you letters and sending you a snapshot once in a while, for years later. But then, did ever a teacher have more intensely interesting material to work with? There were six Johns, six Marys, five Annies, four Mikes, three Antonias, and three Helens. There were Canadian-born youngsters, and children who had been attending school in Czechoslovakia and Poland two years ago. There were boys who ate sunflower seeds at recess the way we eat peanuts, and girls who wore beautifully embroidered aprons in the classroom and who laid them carefully away whenever they went outside to play. They all did play, too, during every recess and noon period, outdoors or indoors according to the weather. These periods at school were the only play periods they had of the day, so they made full use of them. There seemed never to be an occasion for quarrelling; if a disagreement of whatever sort arose, the older children had the matter brought under control before anyone else knew of it. Unfortunately, there must have been many a scene of domestic strife in the homes, that was perhaps the reason why the children would have none of that at school. Do you remember some of the unhappy episodes that revealed all too plainly which of the new settlers were unequal to the stress and strains of a pioneer life in northern Canada?

There was the morning that little Mary Klen came crying bitterly to school, and emotionally upset to such a degree that it was fully half an hour later before she could be induced to unburden her heart privately to one of the older girls, who afterwards told you what had happened. Mary's father had become increasingly despondent because of the hard struggle that he thought lay ahead of him, in trying to provide for his large family. He had beaten his wife repeatedly, but on this particular day he had threatened to kill her, in the children's presence. And little Mary, in the agony and terror of her heart, had come running to the one place she knew where there was friendship and help, and she had looked at you, when you spoke to her later, with her large brown eyes brimming over with tears, repeating to you again and again, "Father said he is going to kill mother!" Did you do anything about it?

Did you visit that family to cheer up the mother, and admonish the evildoer that such things were not tolerated in Canada, and that he must be more kindly disposed towards his wife? You merely assured Mary that her father hadn't meant what he said, and you stayed away, because you were reluctant to interfere in a family quarrel. But that child's terror was well-founded, for later that summer someone wrote you the news that Mrs. Klen had hanged herself, in a state of mental aberration brought about by her husband's cruel treatment of her. Would it have come to that fatal step if you had made this family's difficulties a bit more your own concern? Who knows, yet your conscience is unquiet even now.

There was another case of inhuman treatment meted out in a home of this district, which "came out" in a poignant way at school. Mike Dura was forever restless and fidgety. It was evident that there was something wrong with this boy. You strode towards his desk with angry impatience one day, determined to shake him by the collar a bit in order to get him to settle down. As you approached him, you were suddenly startled by a scream as of an animal in great pain, and the boy cringed away from you as if expecting a shower of blows. Again the older children supplied the answer. Mike had a step-mother, who used to beat him unmercifully with belts, sticks, or whatever else she laid her hands on in the moment of her rage. The lad was certain that terrible punishment of the kind dealt out to him at home was about to descend upon him. It required weeks of patience and tact to develop an attitude of confidence in him towards the social life of the school. Mike would be just about twenty-one years old now. You wonder where he might be, and what his attitudes as a new citizen are. You wonder what has become of all the other boys and girls of whom even the youngest is sixteen now.

Madeline Chevalier, petite, pretty, French—she reminded you of a Dresden china doll. Always neat, clean, courteous, she taught at least as much about ways of living together in a children's community by her personal example as you did by your lessons, and probably much more. Jennie Wasyuta, irrepressible little fun-maker, whose sentences during language lessons were the cause of so much merriment. Remember that funny letter "x" that came up in phonics one day? "Here are some words that end in —x," you said. "Look at them: box, fox, fix—Jennie, can you give me a sentence with the word 'fix'?" Jennie looked at you with the pure mischief twinkling out of her eyes and promptly answered, "I fix you!"

Yes, you did just that, dear children. Metro Chylbulsky, who roamed through the bush with a .22 every Saturday, hunting rabbits—you used to meet him because at times you were out for the same reason; Leo Alho, blond little Finn with the smile that never came off; Antonia Kubitsa, who told you all about the geography of Czechoslovakia as she had learned it in school over there; the Kozak and Oseychuk children, who showed the class how the Ukrainian people stencil those beautiful designs on Easter eggs; Alan McKeefe, who promised to acquire his father's terrible Irish temper and had to be guided into paths of gentleness for his sake as well as others—they all helped to "fix you". They all taught you about themselves, and thus about you. They taught you to teach boys and girls, and not fractions and spelling and geography. You could say at the end of the year, with at least some justification now: You are on the way to becoming a teacher.

The next few years richly added to your store of experience. You learned your own most effective methods of teaching and school management, but far more important, you learned the better methods of dealing with children and with their parents. By the time you took charge of the Ellsmont School you were human enough again that people invited you to Sunday dinners, and to suppers during the week, because they wanted your company and not because "we should have the teacher over sometime". You joined the Young People's Society, became a member of the church, were asked to play in the band and sing in their choir; you were never left out of their wedding celebrations and anniversaries unless you were out of the district. You were more glad than you could say to accept all these manifestations of friendship because you were lonely every day, except for those few hours you spent with the children at school. You had a four-room teacherage, a garage with a second-hand car in good running order, a garden at the back of the house, and the likelihood of remaining there at that school indefinitely, at a regularly paid rate of salary every month. Then why go on bolting lunches and sending out the laundry and listlessly marking notebooks after supper? The Good Book reminded you that it is not good for man to live alone. You decided to do something about it.

So next fall there were curtains at the windows of the teacherage, snowy white and multi-colored linens billowed on the clothesline on Mondays, and a hot dinner awaited you at noon every day. And didn't those children show a precious sense of humor on the opening day of school, when you asked them if they would like to sing a few songs by way of beginning the new term. Oh, yes, they were eager to do that. What would they like to sing? "Oh, where have you been, Billy boy!" You didn't get the point, you dolt, till they sang the third line, their eyes sparkling with fun. You pretended you didn't "catch on," but you couldn't fool those imps. They had an enthusiastic planner and co-worker, besides their teacher, for bringing success in their Christmas Concerts, Musical Festivals, and School Fairs. But they stole a march on you a year later, when Betty brought the telephone message from home and showed it to all the girls in the hall before bringing it to you, so that on that morning they all congratulated you on your newly-arrived son in the city hospital, then immediately begged for a holiday before they'd let you have that message.

Well, that brings events pretty well up to the immediate past. Was it the terrible winter last year that helped you decide to be done with country teaching? There was no house within three miles of the school you were in charge of last year. In the fall there was rain with snow and rain again, and mud and puddles and wet shoes and muddy clothes. In the winter snowdrifts and blizzards and fifty-five below zero, and day after day that six miles of country road to walk. When spring came, mud and rain and slushy snow, and flooded roads, and muddy clothes and rubber boots. Only the thought of that little curly-head looking out of the window to watch for his daddy coming home, kept you from sleeping at night at the school on those bitterly cold days, or when the roads were so terribly muddy. However, you survived it all. Things are somehow never so bad in retrospect as they seem when they first happen.

So here you are. Ten years of your life have just passed before your mind's eye. You have dwelt somewhat long on the highlights, and ignored the less colorful scenes. What about the future? That lies in the lap of the gods.

Stack!

As you all know, there is a shortage of labor, especially around the campus. The cafeteria is feeling this shortage very acutely, and since we are helping them by returning trays to the counter and stacking them, they would like all the students to know how to dit properly, so that their time will be put to the best use possible.

In the centre of the big dining room is a large table on which all the dishes and trays are to be stacked. There are five trays on the table—one for glasses, one for silverware, one for soup bowls, one for cups and saucers, and one for big dinner plates. Besides these trays, there will be a bowl for scrapings, and another little table on which the trays are to be stacked. By doing this, the students will be saving the cafeteria the work of about three workers, who would have to clear the tables, stack the dishes, take them into the kitchen, where they would again have to be sorted. By a little bit of sloppiness, one person can undo the work of many.

The cafeteria wishes to thank the students for co-operating and helping them to such a great extent, and making the speedy service possible for many others.

Physical Culture

(This article begins on Page 6) students of the institutes. Certain restrictions are placed on them: they may not wrestle, box, or lift weights. The required work in physical culture does not require strength, but rather agility and co-ordination.

The big events in the Soviet Union are the great soccer games at which teams are put out by the great industries, the great sports clubs, the republics and the Red Army. The Spartakiads are the Soviet Olympics.

One of the characteristics of Soviet life is the huge processions. These quicken the esprit de corps of the various groups and nations, and especially the feeling of all-union solidarity. They also afford practice in the mobilization of enormous bodies of citizens, for there may be as many as a million persons marching.

There are three great processions every year, namely, on the anniversary of the October Revolution, International Labor Day and International Youth Day.

To encourage physical culture, many of the parks are provided with outdoor apparatus, pools, and devices for testing co-ordination and equilibrium. And also parachute towers.

Skiing and skating enjoy enormous popularity in the USSR. Long midwinter races are performed. These factors may partially explain the midwinter military successes of the Red Army.

Physical exercise is a part of everyone's daily life. Exercise is performed during recess in the factories to increase production.

The exercises prescribed for pregnant women are begun in the third month, and are continued as long as seems advisable to the doctor in charge. Exercises are also prescribed for puerperal women. The administration of exercises to infants is performed by specialists who are specially trained nurses. The exercises begin at two and a half months and are continued until the infant becomes a nursery-school child with a new set of exercises and games. Not only is bodily growth promoted, but mental development is also improved.

Until We Meet Again . . .

- On this, the last issue of the current Gateway, the staff of St. Joseph's Cafeteria wishes to thank its many Campus friends for their fine patronage.
- We have enjoyed your friendship and it has been a delight to serve you. May we hope, too, that you have made many new friendships in "Our Good Cheer House where people meet in a friendly sort of way."
- To all our Varsity friends may it be "happy days ahead." On your return, drop in to renew acquaintances at . . .

St. JOSEPH'S CAFETERIA

"THE GOOD CHEER HOUSE ON THE CAMPUS"

Joe Makes With The Athletics - - -

By
R. W. Pulleyblank

I barged into our room a month or two ago after a hectic Chem. lab to find my roommate, Joe, lying flat on his face on the floor and panting like a '24 Ford.

"For Pete's sake, Joe," I said, "have you been brutally assaulted, or is this just a gag to win my sympathy?"

"Don't (puff) bother me," he gasped. "I'm doing push-ups." And he did succeed in "pushing-up" once, before he folded up completely.

"Look, Joe," I said. "In the present crisis of our country your sudden desire for physical perfection is most praiseworthy, but what brings about this reversal of forms? The only exercise you ever get is reaching for another piece of pie—and we only have pie once a week. Enlighten me."

While I was saying this, Joe had succeeded in getting back on his feet and was now making a valiant effort to touch his toes. Then he began arm stretching and bending by numbers, chanting the numbers to the tune of "Sunday, Monday or Always." This was too much.

"Come on, chum," I begged, "make with a little elucidation before I blow my top completely."

"Well, I'll tell you," he said, at last giving up the exercise and flopping onto the edge of his bed. "Do you know a girl named Eloise Montgomery?"

"Why, sure," I said, still baffled, "she's the Varsity badminton champ. So what gives?" And then, all of a sudden, I saw the whole thing.

"It couldn't be," I moaned, "that that highly athletic chick is bringing out the cave-man in you?"

Joe regarded me with dignity. "Your mode of expression is rather crude, but the situation is roughly as you have expressed it."

"Well," I sighed, "give me the whole story. I foresee a need for your old Uncle Bill's hand in this deal."

So Joe broke down with the details. It took some time, because he felt called upon to explain that this particular chick was strictly from heaven, a fact which I already knew. How a little bit of blonde fluff like that could make with the athletics in such an efficient fashion, I do not know. She has disillusioned many characters, who, when they see her in her high heels and "where have you been all my life" expression, find their protective instincts unusually aroused. When she proceeds to take them to the cleaners at badminton or bowling, not once, but regularly, they are often dismayed—but good.

And now Joe had latched on to her string of would-be's. For him it was the big love, and no kidding. He'd met her at a coffee counter or some place, and right then he resigned from our "Reluctant Bachelor Club"—an organization the popularity of which varies inversely as the popularity of its members. Someone told Joe that Eloise wouldn't go steady with a guy until he beat her at badminton. So he was spending his spare time doing push-ups. He had quite an initial handicap to overcome, because his physique was practically a negative quantity. There is very little doubt that the man who invented padded shoulders had Joe in mind.

"Joe," I told him, "I feel sure that you'd be happy with some chick whose idea of strenuous exercise is knitting with heavy needles. This undersized Amazon is not for you. To take your mind off it, I will deign to compete with you in a hand or two of poker—a game which suits your capabilities much better than badminton."

"Sorry, Bill," he said, "but I just have time to do a little road work before supper."

How sad that love can make such a brutal impression on a man! How sad that it makes him forget his true self so completely in thinking of what the little woman would have him be! How sad, in short, that Joe should believe himself an up and coming athlete just because he thought Eloise wanted him to be one.

Joe joined the Y.M.C.A., and spent hours every week in the gymnasium. He took to practicing badminton shots in our room, to the great danger of our light bulbs. His vocabulary was enriched with phrases like "short-service line," "smash," and "you play up and I'll play back." But it was no use. Joe is not the athletic type, and even Charles Atlas would be stumped in his case. So far he had avoided showing Eloise his ability—or lack thereof—in any sport. She knew he spent hours at the Y, because he used that to explain why he didn't see her oftener. She was convinced that he was a star in everything, only very modest. She liked him a lot. As a matter of fact, it was eight to five in uninformed circles that she'd have his fraternity pin by the end of March—but little did they know!

The Varsity mixed doubles tournament was two weeks away. I came home one night to find Joe sitting on the edge of his bed and looking so low that an ant could have walked over him without noticing the climb.

"Bill," he moaned, "I'm finished—washed up. Are they still taking volunteers for the Foreign Legion?"

I wrapped myself around a chair and prepared to lend an ear to his story.

"Bill," he said, "the world is a snare and a delusion. Life is but a grain in the sands of time. Ah, the brutality of a cruel fate!"

I waited. I knew that once he unwound, the sad tale would all come out.

"The badminton tournament," he said, "is a week from Friday."

"Yes," I said.

"I," he said, "am not a good badminton player."

"No," I said.

"In my case," he said, "the desire to learn has come too late in life."

"Yes," I said.

"Eloise," he said, "has her heart set on winning the mixed doubles."

"True," I said.

"Eloise," he said, "wishes me to be her partner."

"Oh, Lord!" I said.

This looked like the end of a beautiful friendship. If he said he wouldn't play, she'd think he was giving her a brush, and if he said he would, the first game would show her that she'd made a dreadful mistake. We talked the matter over. But thoroughly!

At last I got an idea. Not a good idea, mind you, but at least a possible way out.

"Joe," I said, "you must consent to play with her. Then a few days before the games, you will tell her you have twisted your ankle on a fall from the parallel bars, or something. Probably she will say how sorry she is, and get another partner. If not, you can play the game, and blame your mistakes on your ankle. If your alibi is established before the game, you should have no trouble making it stick."

"Much as it cuts me to deceive a little chick that means as much as Eloise does," he said, "I will do as you suggest."

I have not mentioned this before, but I also had a personal interest in this deal. It seems I have been making a play for Gert Collins, who is in the same frat as Eloise as well as being her bosom buddy, and if she found that Joe had been working a deception, she would naturally conclude that I had a finger in the deal, and I would be cut off very nicely, if not sooner. However, everything seemed pretty righteous, as Joe told Eloise he'd play with her. He told her he wasn't very good, and of course she thought he was just making with the modesty again.

Two days before the event, I said to Joe:

"Today is the time for you to give with the news about with the injured ankle. No doubt Eloise will be disappointed, but with athletes as energetic as you, the occasional accident is unavoidable. Break it to her gently, of course, as Eloise is a chick with very delicate sensibilities."

"I have been thinking," Joe answered, "that perhaps I had better call the deal off. It is not only unfair to Eloise, but there will be other sports events to come, and I cannot always sprain an ankle conveniently."

"You can't back out now, Joe," I said. "Not only will she lose all faith in you, but she will broadcast your shame all over the campus. Girls have no sense of honor in that sort of thing. You'll never get another date from anyone."

"No," he said. "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. My chivalrous nature prevents me from doing anything that would jeopardize Eloise's chances of winning the match. If necessary, I sacrifice the whole of my future for her happiness."

"But, Joe," I pleaded, "don't you see that my happiness depends on it, too? If you tell Eloise the whole foul tale, she'll tell Gert, and I'll wind up on my ear. For my sake, as well as your own, you've gotta go through with this thing. After all, she likes you while she's being fooled, and you should keep her liking you as long as possible."

"Much against my better judgment, and solely for the good of my friend—meaning you," he said, "I will do it."

And we whipped off to our nine o'clock, Joe feeling very sad about the world in general.

When I got home that afternoon, Joe was writing a letter. He finished it up quickly, and sealed it as soon as I came in. Then he got to his feet.

"Gotta phone Eloise," he said.

By leaving our room door open, and listening to hear what was said very carefully, I could catch the entire conversation. Of course, I do not often do this, but since I had a personal interest in this deal, I stooped to it. All he said was this:

"Hello . . . Eloise? Listen, I can't play with you in the tournament tomorrow . . . No, the at you, I just can't play, that's all . . . No, I whole thing's off . . . What? . . . No, I'm not mad can't tell you why. You'll find out tomorrow . . . Well, I'm sorry you feel that way, but what can I do? Good-bye."

"Joe," I groaned, as he came back into the room, "you've really fixed us both now. Why didn't you tell her about your ankle?"

"Now, don't get mad, Bill," he gulped. "I just couldn't do it. I've put the whole story in this letter, which she will get tomorrow. I'm sorry if it spoils your love-life, but it just wouldn't be fair to her."

About that time Chuck dropped in, so we ditched the subject. This deal was strictly between Joe and me, and if Eloise spread it all over the campus, that would be time enough for Chuck to hear about it. Chuck just stayed a few minutes, and as he was leaving, Joe said:

"Will you mail this letter for me on the way home, Chuck? It's kind of important."

Chuck said he would, and shoved the letter in his pocket as he left the room.

"Well, Joe," I said, when Chuck was gone, "the fat is in the fire now. You have blighted both our lives, and I hope you are suitably sorry."

Joe formally expressed his regrets, but I was still more than a little annoyed at him. I hated to think how my little chum Gert would take the whole thing. The next morning I steered very clear of her, as I wanted to postpone the fateful moment of meeting as long as possible. I had a date to take her to the badminton tournament, so I figured on 'phoning her then, and getting the bad news.

After dinner, Joe said:

"I think I'll go over and see the games myself. I have been a heel, but I would like to see Eloise win. She has found another partner and should do very well."

"Joe," I said, "you're leading with your chin. The last thing you should do is go where she is. She'll have your letter by that time, and be really blowing her top. You'd be best to avoid her till she cools down. I have no doubt that I'll get brushed off when I phone Gert, so we can stay here and be miserable."

Whereupon I went to phone Gert and get the ordeal over. When she came to the phone, I said hello, and she answered as sweet as a pre-war cup of coffee.

"Hello, Bill, I've been waiting for you to phone. Where were you all morning? And what time are going to call for me? I'm anxious to see Eloise beat the pants off the opposition."

This was the last thing I expected, but with my customary savoir faire I told her I'd be around in half an hour, and hung up with my knees still wobbling. When I told Joe, he said he was very glad that my happiness would not be blighted, but he seemed a little sorry to lose that company that misery is supposed to love. He was quite determined to go to the tournament, so I gave up trying to discourage him. I told him I'd see him there, and beat it over to pick up Gert.

I thought perhaps she had treated me nice on the phone just so she could remove my hide in person, but I was wrong again. She was just her usual sweet self, and even asked casually if Joe would be there to see the games. I began to smell something fishy about the whole deal. We got in just as the games were starting, so we dashed for our seats. Joe was sitting about six seats away, looking miserable.

I'm no expert, so I won't try to describe the games. The whole story of how Eloise cleaned up was in the paper, anyway. It was lovely to watch, though. Her partner was adequate, but she was spectacular. I even suspect that Joe could have won with her if he could have kept out of the way of the birds. When it was all over, they had a little presentation of trophies, and Eloise went up to get the mug she'd hoped for so much. Then I lost sight of her in the crowd.

When I saw her again she was over beside Joe, and the look on her face wasn't mad. Quite the reverse, in fact. Said I to myself, "Something is brewing here. If it is good, I should know, and if it is bad, which it is obviously not, I must give Joe some support."

So I went over to where they were, with Gert tagging behind. As we came up, Eloise was

saying:

"Joe I can't tell you how much I appreciate the fact that you backed out, so you wouldn't spoil my chances of winning the cup. I admit when I was talking to you last night you worried me, but today when I heard the reason I could see that it was just a noble gesture."

Joe was baffled. He hadn't in the least expected this sort of reaction. He couldn't say a word, so I did.

"Tell me, chum," I said to Gert, "what is all this noble gesture stuff? I just got in for the last act."

"Didn't you know?" she asked. "Why, Joe found out that he wasn't eligible for the tournament because he hadn't officially joined the club, so if he played with Eloise she'd be disqualified. So he told her to get another partner. And she won. Isn't it wonderful?"

All this time, Joe and Eloise were looking happy together. Joe mumbled:

"Well, didn't you get the letter . . .?"

"Of course I did, you goon. If the club officials hadn't written it, I would have known you weren't eligible."

Joe heaved a kind of sigh, and she went on:

"You know, Joe, it's kind of nice not having you as my partner, because I know you're in the audience pulling for me and it inspires me. I almost wish you didn't play badminton."

"So," he said, "Well, maybe we can go into that some day."

All this time I was eating my brain trying to figure out what had become of the latter. Then I saw Chuck passing, and I had it all doped out. I whipped over to him, and when the others couldn't hear, I said:

"Chuck, old boy, what did you do with that letter we gave you to mail yesterday?"

He looked a bit self-conscious, fished about a little in his coat pocket, and pulled it out.

"Here it is," he said. "I forgot all about it. Look, I'll promise to drop it in the box on the way home."

I heaved a sigh that came from my innermost soul.

"No, thanks," I said. "Don't bother. I'll look after it myself."

Comes Easter

(Continued from Page 7)

to while his sisters preened in their new clothes; the big dinner which his family at home will be trying to enjoy without him; the gay visits from one friend to another; the countless chocolate animals and eggs—and all the old traditions that be-

longed exclusively to his family.

His thoughts will stray home to the friendly old dog, his little "devil" brother and beguiling kid sister, and to what all of them will be doing then.

It soon (how soon?) will be another Easter. An Easter that will bring with it a real spring which will lead the way for the hysterical happiness of peace and goodwill toward men.

To Be Home...

While the women of America are devoting a steadily increasing amount of their skill and energy to jobs that will help win the war, at the same time they're giving a lot of thought to post-war problems. One of the most interesting slants on their post-war thinking is revealed by a general survey. This survey is based on a national panel selected to represent accurately a true cross-section of the magazine's millions of readers.

Asked: "Should women relinquish their war jobs after the war?" three to one the women of America answer "yes." Comments from many of the women indicate that the vote is probably even more affirmative than the 75.5% actually registered by the poll. For instance, many of the negative votes carried such modifications as "women should not relinquish their jobs, except if ex-service men need these jobs."

Many of the voters who think women should give up their war jobs amplified or qualified their opinion by such comments as these:

"Women are homemakers and mothers except in emergency; a woman's place is in the home."

"Exceptions should be made in cases of women who are self-supporting or who are left widows and whose husbands are disabled."

In answer to a supplementary question, "Should women receive equal pay with men for the same work?" an overwhelming majority (83%) came out with a resounding "yes."

She—Did you see that lovely Russian count?

He—Is that an accomplishment for a grown man?—Cornell Widow.

Yes, and there's the salesman's daughter who plucked her eyebrows into a dotted line.—Argosy Weekly.

JOHNSON'S CAFE

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Where quality and service have met for 24 years

The Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of Canada

Examinations, 1944

The Examination for the Fellowship is divided into two parts, viz., the first examination or Primary, the second examination or Final.

The subjects of the Primary Examination are: Anatomy, including Histology and Embryology.

Physiology, including Biochemistry.

The Primary Examination is partly written and partly oral and must be passed as a whole.

The Primary Examination may be taken at any time after the candidate has completed a course of study and passed the examinations in Anatomy, Histology, Embryology, Physiology, and Biochemistry, in a Medical School or University approved by Council. The candidate must submit a certificate thereof with his application.

Languages of Examination

Candidates at the time of making application for either the Primary or the Final Examination shall indicate whether they desire to be examined in the French or English language.

Standards of Qualification

No particular list of text books or syllabus is recommended to cover any subject. All candidates are expected to demonstrate a thorough knowledge of the subjects in which they are to be examined and to be familiar with the current literature relating thereto.

In their answers, written or oral, candidates in the Final Examination must show evidence of critical judgment.

Places and Dates of Examinations, 1944

The Centres selected for the Written Examinations are: Vancouver, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Winnipeg, London, Toronto, Kingston, Montreal, Quebec, and Halifax—October 2nd, 3rd and 4th.

Oral Examinations in the Primary subjects and Oral and Clinical Examinations in the Final subjects will be held as follows—At Montreal, October 23rd and 24th.

THE FELLOWSHIP FEE

Candidates taking the Final Examination will please note that the Fellowship Fee (\$150.00) must be paid in advance; this will be returned if the candidate is unsuccessful in passing the examination.

Candidates who are graduates of 1930 or prior thereto of a Medical School or University approved by Council shall not be required to take the Primary Examination, but shall in the Final Examination demonstrate a general and practical knowledge of the clinical application of Anatomy and Physiology.

This special examination shall be conducted by Clinicians.

Address all communications to:

WARREN S. LYMAN, M.D., F.R.C.P.(C),
Honorary Secretary,

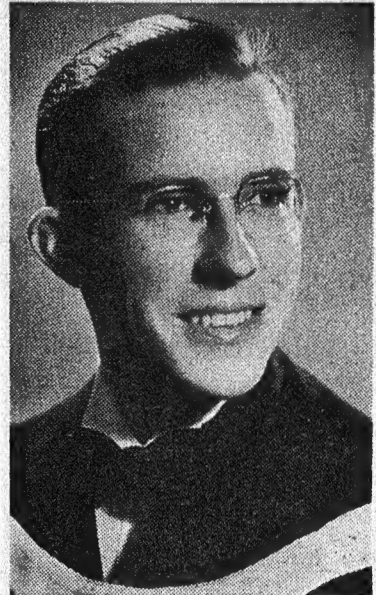
Room 3018, National Research Laboratories,
Sussex Street, Ottawa, Ontario.

THE WAILING WALL

by
zadoc

(J. ERNEST NIX)

Josie was a little bitty moth. Now, although she was supposed to have reached the age of discretion (which is about sixteen hours, as everybody knows),



her mother, whom Josie privately considered a very dull old number, all things considered, still regarded her as very young and inexperienced in life. So taking Josie aside one day she said something like this: "You must never, never go down to the end of the town, if you don't go down with me. For there are many kinds of night-hawks, mosquito-hawks and such-like down there which just love choice little moths like you. And you wouldn't want to get your wings clipped, especially by a such-like, now would you?"

Josie privately considered that this might be rather fun, but she dutifully replied, "No, mother. What is a such-like? In case I should ever meet one . . ."

She added in confusion, seeing her mother's raised antennae. However, as Josie's mother was somewhat confused by this unexpected question, she merely passed it off with, "Never mind, dear; mother'll tell you some other time, when you're older."

Now Josie, who though she was admired to her very proboscis as a particularly beautiful young bit

of stuff, was by no means dumb. "Moth's life's a vapour, Full of jerks . . ."

she hummed to herself, twitching her handsome golden wings together, pirouetting now on one delicate foreleg, now on the other. After all, from womb to tomb is short enough, especially if you turn out to be just another old number like mother, anyway. Now, children, I am telling you these things to show you what a naughty little moth Josie could be, but of course good little moths would never even think such thoughts, would they?

Just because in all sixteen days of careless flitting here and there she had never chanced to alight on a coil of fly-paper, or (heaven 'fend us!) fallen into a feed-bag of a nepenthes distillatoria, she listed to her mother's warnings as to the wind in the willows. Emol, emol.

That very evening, when twilight's shutters were dropping like registrations in Arts and Law, when frogs in ponds commenced tentatively strumming their catarrhs, when all good little moths of the genus Tinea were wont to seek a comfortable bathing suit to nestle in—our little Josie was dreaming of bright lights! Perchance, being grown up, said she, I'll go down to the end of the town, meet a warrior ant or two, and maybe even a What-not! I really am quite attractive, you know, she said.

Off she went, gaily winging her way along, pausing only now and then to whirl around some light brighter than the rest, but swiftly passing on before her interest waned. Sometimes she brushed by her duller cousins, poor things, who plodded their uninteresting ways into oblivion, mayhap, behind her—she cared not, while they tried not to show their disapproval of her—or was it envy? "Moth's life's a vapour," she hummed, you can't fool me. Why toil upward through the night: why toil?

Came the deluge. First one What-not rushed her, then two, then four. O wild delight! This is life! One phratry of sweet young moths rushed her, then two—O joy! she growled drunkenly. But what a price, dear children.

Her beautiful golden wings, now singed and tattered, her once-sparkling eyes now red-rimmed, where is our scintillating little flutterby? Awakening one dim and misty morning (or was it all in her head?) she startled from her perch, and rushing headlong from a nameless she-knew-not-what, flew into a cruel spider's web. Motherless, friendless, hopeless, little Josie was drinking life's bitterest dregs. Then she remembered the words of her saintly mother, and what do you think she did? Children, have you ever seen a moth ball?

Spike Shoe Club Really Hustling

PREPARE FOR '44 MEET

The newly revived Spike Shoe Club held another meeting recently, at which plans were discussed for a bigger and better track and field meet in the fall. Some fifteen members were present and enthusiasm was high. In fact, if determination to improve the situation means as much as it generally does, the cinder sport will make a long stride down the comeback trail in October.

Mickey Hajash, S.S. president, was in charge of the meeting, one of the features of which was the showing of motion pictures. These served to demonstrate how some of the world's best athletes have brought track and field events to a near state of perfection.

Date for the '44 meet was decided upon as Saturday, October 14.

A real effort is to be made to stage something super, at least by comparison with recent doings. It is hoped to have the contestants form a parade to start the day's proceedings. The schedule of events is expected to contain a number of novelties guaranteed to entertain, whatever one's knowledge of the technical aspects of track and field. They'll make for fun.

A committee of ten, headed by President Hajash and Secretary Dot Ward, was appointed to prepare for the October jamboree. This group is expected to have the situation well in hand before leaving the campus for the summer.

The meeting was unanimous in the belief that a coach must be secured, and it was also decided to look into the matter of purchasing a number of films for the use of the club.

Fencing Club Elects New Exec.

Jim Spillios is President

The retiring executive of the Fencing Club, President Aubrey Olsen and Secretary Marlene Merrick, announced the new executive for next year. Jim Spillios, president, and Eileen Kennedy, secretary. Under the guidance of Dick Hoar, coach, the year's activities have been fairly fancy. After a duel or two with sabers, one of the contestants was carried off the floor in a dead faint. Under the fierce onslaught of his opponent, he thought he had been cut to ribbons. However, next year under coaching by Aubrey Olsen, the saber duels, we hope, will be lifted from this primordial Dogpatch level, and that one who will be enough to make a clean job of taking off anyone's head. The girls in the delicate art of the foils pierced hearts in their inimicable way. Apart from this, most people thought they got something out of this clanging around. The girls found they developed better carriage and the slink of the debutante. One male quit his course in romantic poets, as he felt he was capturing more of the romantic spirit by belonging to the Fencing Club.

To Be a Sport at The U. of A.

a few jottings by arch campbell

Sport has numerous similarities to many of our courses. First, to participate in sport, as in any course, attendance is necessary; second, enthusiasm is essential for success; third, time is needed for both; and fourth, equipment helps to do a better job. However, there is one noticeable difference—that is Proficiency. To do a good job on one's subjects and to get the most satisfaction out of them, one needs a certain amount of Proficiency. Not so with athletics.

Those who would argue this statement are, I think, off the beam. Perhaps in some of the professional

sports, or even in large amateur sporting activities, a person may argue that one has to be "good" if he is to get the most out of the game. However, that is neither here nor there at the University of Alberta. To every male and female student are offered facilities for all kinds of athletic entertainment. A man may play rugby, hockey, basketball, tennis, golf, participate in track and a host of other sporting events. Women also, have their respective sporting activities. How many, however, of the enrollment at Alberta do not take part in any of the sports offered? I would hazard that only a comparative few enjoy the recreation that they pay for. Why is it?

At U. of A. one of the most happy situations exists. It is that no one has to be "good" to play any of the sports. There are, as a rule, three or four football teams which allow 45 to 50 men the chance of playing football. Anyone may enter track competition; anyone may play hockey if he have the skates. Perhaps the greatest incentive to participation in sport is that first class equipment is provided for all. If you feel you have time for only one sport, then choose the one you like the best and disregard the others.

But, you may ask, what will I gain from the time and energy expended? This question leads to many answers. Topping the list is health. True, you may not be in such good condition at the start of the football season, but you will be surprised how much better you feel at the end. Next, you gain an ideal form of relaxation, which everyone needs. Also you make numerous acquaintances and often close friends that only sporting events can give. Last, but not least, you learn to Play. By this I mean you learn to utilize spare time, energy, etc., which will stand you in good stead for the rest of your life.

What's The Score?

By BILL CLARK

The recent Western Canada Interuniversity Conference at Saskatoon left a few impressions on us. We came back firmly convinced of the importance of full-time Athletic Directors, for one thing. The three directors: our own Stan Moher, Saskatchewan's Joe Griffiths, and Manitoba's Wray Yeomans, were three of the solidest citizens sitting around the table. Despite the fact that he has been here only a year, Stan Moher presented a very complete and accurate picture of our position regarding athletics. These men are the only permanent executives at the universities, and their value cannot be reckoned by the monetary compensation they receive. Joe Griffiths is regarded as an indispensable institution by the men and women who lend their lungs to the Huskies. If there is ever any question regarding any athletic matter, it's just, "Ask Joe. He knows." Wray Yeomans apparently has every detail right at his finger-tips, and gave us a fine idea of the set-up in Manitoba (of which more will be said later, in case anyone feels blue about Alberta's situation). And we were more than proud of our Mr. Moher. It would have been a poor situation if we hadn't been able to send a director who could pass on the knowledge gained to future student athletes. The absent member, B.C., also has an athletic director who was highly thought of by the conference delegates—Maurice Van Vleit (whose sound article on the continuance of Varsity sport, by the way, was featured in one of the old Gateways). It's hard to picture how we got along without one for a year.

Something else we wondered: Should the new M.A.B. and W.A.A. presidents be sent, or the retiring ones. The purpose of setting the annual meeting date at March 15 was to allow either or both to attend, just as each university chooses. Saskatchewan's problem was easy. It sent both. Manitoba and Alberta sent the retiring presidents. The question arises, is it better to send experienced executives who know what the score is, and can talk over and discuss matters with authority and accuracy, or to send the men and women who will be dealing with the circumstances which will probably arise out of the plans made at the annual meeting. This year's arrangements were apparently quite satisfactory, but the best plan would seem to be to send, if possible, one retiring and one incoming member. It is something which merits a little thought.

The interest in student affairs shown by some of the Saskatchewan faculty surprised us at first. Dean Cronkite of the Law College and Prof. E. A. Hardy each addressed the meeting. Prof. R. Frey of the Agricultural Engineering Department was one of the official representatives. They were most enthusiastic. However, on second thought, do they have anything on Alberta? If sport were booming on this campus, we would have plenty of support, presumably, from people like Dr. Hardy, once rumored as successor to Frank Calder of the National Hockey League, and in fact as a "Judge Landis" of hockey, Dr. Whit Matthews, highly rated in Dominion Rugby circles, Dr. Broadfoot, Dr. Shoemaker, and others. But in Saskatoon they're boosting sport right along through this depression. Just some of our faculty are. These men would be attentively listened to at a conference. They pack a good deal of weight which might be well used to advantage in trying to encourage Alberta activity at the present time. They command attention, whereas student authorities sometimes encounter difficulty in making their views felt in the right places. Our sports-minded faculty can do a lot to help the present situation.

The atmosphere in Saskatoon seems less strained than on this campus. The importance of the university is felt by the public, perhaps because it is not running competition to the capitol, to the Americans, and to the "Gateway of the North." There is a university in Saskatoon and the people know it. Student activities rate something more than fifth-line billing. The pressure doesn't seem quite so heavy, and although the seriousness prevailing here is not lacking there, things are a little easier. Squawks aren't registered in whispers. As it is intended they should, the students have a fear of the axe, but apparently there aren't so many axes as there are here, each flying from a different direction although aimed at a common target.

What We've Got That Manitoba Hasn't

If any athletes are inclined to shed a tear over their predicament, let them have a glance at Manitoba's set-up. Down there the situation is something worse than deplorable, and yet they're completing a season of athletics which is deficient only in shark-fishing. With a university that is scattered over a five-mile radius, with absolutely no central meeting place, no gym, no rink, no grid, no nuthin', they're doing wonders. Wray Yeomans has always been strongly in favor of Interfaculty competition, even over Intercollegiate, because it benefits a greater majority of the students. Although never blessed with anything like decent facilities, they have lost, during the war, what athletic concessions they did have. But they wouldn't quit. Hiring a number of high school gyms (with great difficulty) scattered at random about the city, renting any available rinks (and usually at the most fantastic hours) they could find, securing courts, grids, fields, whenever and wherever it was possible, the expense account became more than normally swollen. Still, they struggled on. Table tennis and bowling clubs are flourishing, swimming and track are as strong as ever.

We think that is pretty good. Take away the grid, the rink, the Drill Hall and the basement of Tuck, and where would we be? Manitoba has put up a great battle, and even now Mr. Yeomans is concerned over the problem of providing recreation for the huge influx of returned men after the war.

Red Letter Day on the Campus

One of the highlights of the day-long meeting was the address by Dr. E. A. Hardy. Primarily interested in Rugby, as head of the W.C.I.R.U., Dr. Hardy expressed himself as being in favor of a revival of Interuniversity competition at the earliest possible date. He considered that the annual meetings were necessary, and that Interuniversity athletics merit at least a day's meditation.

The training obtained in organizing, running and playing on a team, and in planning a series, was one which could be gained in no other way, Dr. Hardy said. It is good training for a young man entering the armed forces.

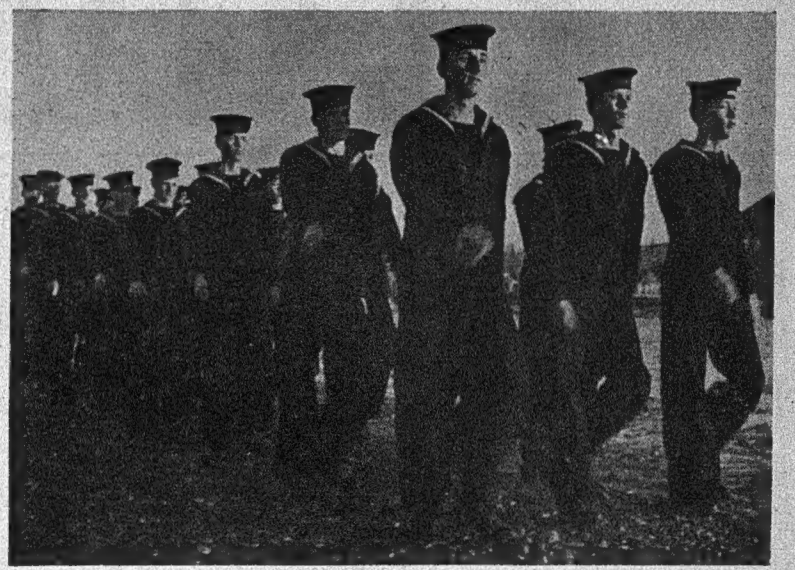
Dr. Hardy felt that it was very inspiring for a man to travel on an athletic team to various universities. Furthermore, it is a red-letter day on the campus for all students; it is at these spectacles that Varsity spirit reaches its highest pitch. At best, Interfaculty sport is only a poor substitute.

Free Lancing

A problem which struck close to home was that of students playing on non-Varsity teams without permission. Formerly protection was afforded the university by the A.A.U., which would not allow men to compete with other athletic organizations unless permission was granted by the university. Now, however, basketball, swimming and hockey receive aid from no athletic union. The only check on this free-lancing must be imposed by university authorities. On this campus, authority

(Continued on Page 12)

UNIVERSITY NAVAL TRAINING DIVISON



What of Next Year? A Word or Two

IN APPRECIATION,

By Stan Moher

PLANS LAID FOR BETTER DAYS

As we come to the end of another University year, the question, "What of next year?" naturally suggests itself. Will the athletic picture have cleared at all? Are we going to be faced with the same difficulties in the promotion of a program worthy of a provincial seat of learning?

Nobody knows—exactly. But one would have to be a confirmed pessimist to suggest that the situation will be any worse. It shouldn't be. On the contrary, there are signs that we have touched the depths where Varsity sports is concerned. That possibly the corner has been turned. In other words, we can be optimistic.

Of course, everything hinges upon the war situation. Heavy military reverses might endanger the prospects of any improvement, as it would also put a crimp in a good many other activities, not necessarily of a University nature. But assuming that the military picture remains as comparatively pleasing as it now is, we can certainly look forward to a brighter future in the field of Varsity athletics.

The convention of the Western Canada Interuniversity Athletic Union, held recently at Saskatoon, has requested the western "U" heads to consider the resumption of Intercollegiate athletics on a "limited travel basis". There is some reason to hope that the plea will be acceded to. It can be said definitely that a number of prominent faculty heads at Alberta are not opposed to the idea. To quote one of them, "It seems a reasonable compromise."

An Intercollegiate program, even on a curtailed scale, would be just the shot in the arm that sport needs in the universities concerned.

In addition, there are other indications that athletics may experience a renaissance, as it were, next year. Elsewhere on this page you'll see an account of the doings of the Spike Shoe Club. This organization plans to be a really live-wire unit in the sports' picture come October, and has already made plans for a worth-while track meet.

The Big Block Club, too, figures to be more of a factor in the immediate future. The inclusion of a half-dozen new members this year was just the spark it needed. Elections have been held, and Paul Drouin is the president-elect. The B.B. group should be prominent next year. If they are, it's all to the good.

It seems clear that none of the activities need be curtailed further. Student athletes can therefore prepare for the 1944-45 term by getting in some practice during the summer. 'Heres' no evident reason why golf, tennis, track, badminton, archery and swimming, as well as the so-called minor sports should not make further strides on the come-back trail. So sharpen up, you net stars, club welders, tank luminaries. There's no need to come back in the fall lacking practice, not unless you're out in the wilds. As friend Eddie of "Duffy's Tavern" fame might well exclaim, "About next term, leave us be optimistic."

May I express my appreciation for the splendid work done by those students who gave so unselfishly of time and effort to see that sport continued to be a part of the Varsity picture during the term just coming to a close? I have in mind the presidents, coaches, managers and others who assumed official positions. They are deserving of great credit and appreciation for their untiring efforts in the cause of athletics. Most of them are listed below. To those whose names are inadvertently omitted, my apologies. The following come to mind: Jack Jorgens, Bob Robertson, Ralph Dalsin, Bob Buckley, Mel Ottum, Bob Schrader, Iain Younger, Ken Bradshaw, Paul Drouin, Bruce MacKay, Harry Jones, John Colter, Keith Pringle, Jack Setters, John McInnis, Herb Christie, Garth Evans, Dick Corbet, Lloyd Grisdale, Steele Brewerton, Alastair Mackay, Bill Simpson, and George Smith.

Truly, these are the '400' where sport promotion is concerned. Theirs is a real contribution. And finally, a word of commendation to The Gateway for its intelligent handling of the subject of athletics. To Sports Editor Bill Clark and his associates, a great big "Thank you."

IT PAYS TO PLAY

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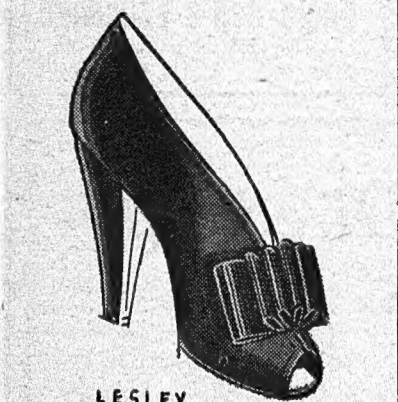


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GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

Saskatoon Conference Asks Limited Travel

Makes Recommendations Re Students on Outside Teams

The recent Conference of the Western Canada Interuniversity Union, held in Saskatoon, reached some highly gratifying conclusions. Presided over by Bud Carson, past-president of Saskatchewan's Men's Athletic Board, the meeting lost no time in getting down to essentials, and the problems confronting every university during war-time.

The Union, consisting of four members—Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia—held its last recorded

Archery Club Goes Bowling

To round out a very successful year, the Archery Club held a bowling party on March 14. After bowling was over, the annual elections were held. Betty Carson was elected women's president and William Lindsey men's president. This was followed by refreshments. Everyone present had an enjoyable evening.

ation, the Union passed a motion to that effect.

The question of custody of trophies which are no longer in competition was raised. It was decided that unless some provision was made to the contrary by the donors of the trophy, that they should remain with their present holders. Upon investigation, it was disclosed that Alberta was in possession of the Halpenny hockey cup, Manitoba the Felstead trophy, and Saskatchewan the rest, which include the Burt Smith-Jones, Cecil E. Race, Neilson, Cairns, Rigby, Griffith, Rutherford and Hammond trophies.

The question of whether or not the Olds Agricultural School was to be considered affiliated with the U. of A. for the purposes of inter-university competition was left to be decided by the administrative authorities of the University itself.

These matters took considerable time, but there remained two topics which were of prime interest to everyone, Alberta particularly. These were: the matter of players refusing to play for Varsity teams, and the possibility of an immediate return of limited interspersal competition. The protection once afforded the University by the Amateur Athletic Union is no longer existent in so far as basketball, swimming and hockey are concerned. The regulations are contained in Students' Union constitutions prohibiting a student's playing on an outside team without permission, and yet student's ignore these regulations with impunity. With these facts in mind, the conference unanimously made a very strong, urgent appeal to the various

university Boards of Governors to refuse to allow athletes to participate outside the university without permission from the university athletic board in question.

The problem of limited travel could not be decided until the various university heads expressed their official opinions on the matter. It was felt that the athletic teams would be allowed to travel, provided they combined the maximum of competition with the minimum of transportation. A modified, tentative program was sketched, to be put into effect if a favorable decision was reached by the university presidents. Apparently Saskatchewan is blessed with the most lenient regulations, Alberta next, and lastly Manitoba. The consensus of opinion supported having at least one meet such as track or swimming rather than a round robin team series. This would provide the desired inter-university competition and at the same time cut down on the size of the travelling team—all without loss of spectator interest.

The spirit of the conference, while not one of over-confidence, was highly optimistic.

What's The Score?

(Continued from Page 11)

to prevent athletes playing on outside teams theoretically rests with student officials. Actually, this is far from being the case. Students may make rulings, but they do not have the power to make them stick. Nobody will back them up, except student opinion, which doesn't count for too much. Other universities encounter the same difficulty, to a greater or less extent. Therefore it was unanimously agreed that the conference, as a unit, request each university Board of Governors to refuse to allow athletes to play on outside teams without permission from the Athletic Board. It has become common for students to ignore, without any qualms whatsoever, constitutional regulations; in so doing they are making a farce of student government.

This is not to imply that students should not be allowed to play on outside teams. The commercial aspect arises, since many athletic clubs train players from public school, supplying equipment, coaching and suitable competition. It is quite conceivable that players feel an allegiance to their own club. Student athletic boards are very human, and quick to realize this; permission would be refused only on good grounds. The recommendation was made to ensure that permission is granted before the player goes meandering off to play wherever he feels he will get the best deal, regardless of his university's needs.

Professor Rae Frey put it nicely, saying that, while he could sympathize with clubs like the E.A.C., or Maple Leafs, or Wesleys, the player will be attending university only once, and would get most satisfaction out of entering into Varsity sport. Even though his junior years are usually spent in the university, he can return to outside organizations upon graduation.

In Alberta, there have been numerous cases of players who, though in great demand by overtown teams, claimed they received the greater satisfaction in lining up with the U. of A.

Inter-University Competition . . .

With regard to the resumption of Interuniversity sport, much, if not all, depends on the attitudes taken by the university presidents regarding travel. The primary reason for refusing travel permits was the strain existing on railway facilities. This is no longer so serious. And Interuniversity competition, if once allowed to die, could be revived only with difficulty.

After carefully considering the situation, the conference was entirely in favor of requesting at least limited travel permission, in accord with popular student opinion. This done, they discussed what they might do if the restrictions were eased. Manitoba, as hitherto explained, could scarcely consider fielding a rugby, basketball or hockey team, much less stage a series at home. They did feel, however, that a swimming meet could be successfully arranged in Manitoba, since that sport has long been one of Manitoba's strong points. Interest in swimming is keen. Besides, a swimming team, usually small in number, could more easily travel the long distance east than could, say, a rugby or hockey team. The U. of M. could also, they thought, assemble a basketball team competent to travel as far as, but no farther (and they made it plain they were worried about the extra mileage, not the competition) than Saskatoon.

Alberta's representatives were of the opinion that they could (barring blizzards) best stage a football series, since they had the grid, but had no suitable gym or rink. Interest in football (we use "football" and "rugby" indifferently) in Alberta ranks first since the decrease of senior hockey. It was suggested that Alberta and Saskatchewan could play a home-and-home football series, with Manitoba not competing at all. Basketball, it was proposed, could see Manitoba in Saskatchewan, and the Huskies in Edmonton. Track, since it begins too early in the fall, and athletes have therefore no chance to train adequately, was laid aside for the time being.

Thus these plans, if allowed to materialize, would provide a goodly share of the universally desired Interuniversity competition, with a minimum of travel and time. Alberta, in sending a football squad to Saskatchewan and a swimming team to Manitoba, would be participating in two football games, one basketball (another double-header?) and one swimming meet. Saskatchewan, whose restrictions are less rigid, would make three trips, and Manitoba, where things are tough, only one. All of which sounds reasonable enough.

A general conviction was that the value of meets in which individuals compete (track, swimming, boxing, wrestling, badminton, etc.) was as important as team competitions, especially since the three universities could, in that way, congregate on one campus.

If the two main requests unanimously voiced by the conference are favorably received by the university officials, the meeting will be a proven success. Then there will be hope.

Back Home . . .

This is a tip, no more, to swimmers: don't get too rusty over the summer vacation. There is just a chance . . . maybe . . .

We are heartily in favor of the idea expressed by the Big Block Club: that of securing distinctive yellow and black Block A pins. There are no sweater awards (the A and the sweater are apparently inseparable) available until after the war, and the boys undoubtedly deserve something. What better idea?

This is our last sports page. To our contributors—and to Bob Kasting, Hugh Rigney, Sandy Gilchrist, Peggy Haynes and Sylvia Callaway in particular—go our heartfelt thanks for the variety and constancy of their supply of material. To Archie Campbell, newly elected secretary of the M.A.B., for his advice, organizing assistance and commentaries, goes more than a passing word of praise. We can't thank Stan Moher too much. The interest he has shown and the work he has done are appreciated by all the last-page readers.

Well, there goes the whistle. It's all over.

Paul Drouin Elected President of Big Block Club; Don Ulrich is Secretary

Will Ask for Block A Pins to Take Place of Unprocurable Sweaters

At a recent meeting of the Big Block Club, which consists of eleven of Alberta's top-ranking athletes, Paul Drouin, Med., was elected president for the forthcoming year. The new secretary is Don Ulrich.

Chief outgrowth of the meeting was the following resolution: Resolved that this meeting go on record as being in favor of the resumption of Interuniversity sport in accordance with views expressed by the W.C.I.A.U. and various organizations on this campus under the M.A.B.

In view of the fact that Block A sweaters will not be available until after the war, the clever suggestion was made that distinctive pins be procured and worn, in lieu of the sweater award. A yellow block A on a black background was considered to be a suitable design. The idea was heartily endorsed by the meeting, and immediate steps are being taken to determine whether or not such decorations would be allowed. It's a nifty brain-wave.

The Aquacade

By Bob Kasting

The Swimming Club operated with enthusiasm during the entire year. With Presidents Geo. "Smitty" Smith and Alice Stewart-Irvine at the helm, every function was carried out without a hitch.

Instead of the usual swimming meet, the club this year held two galas, besides a social evening. It is felt in many corners that, because of the loss of the interspersal meet, even more than two swimming meets could be held in order to develop better swimming competition on the campus.

Holding swimming supremacy, the Engineers were acclaimed champions in a total-point series. However, the other faculties, and especially the Meds and Dents, fielded teams that were no idle threats.

The girls' section of this water sport was confiscated by the House Eccers. Alice Stewart-Irvine, an

outstanding swimmer for this club, is without a doubt the top swimmer of the season. Engineer Bonny Jackson was probably the most outstanding swimmer, and certainly the best diver, in all the competitions. Laurels should be awarded Bonny, for he has held the swimming and diving supremacy throughout his term at the University.

The Swimming Club executive wishes to thank the many people who aided in the events this year. Thanks are due the starters, scorers, announcer, timers, coaches and judges, as well as the girls who guaranteed the success of the social evening, and the team captains, Dick Grunert, Ray Duncan and Bonny Jackson, for the co-operation manifested throughout the year. It was this co-operation and the enthusiasm shown by the members which has made the club such a success. We certainly hope that the be-

Badminton Club Elects M. Fraser

On Friday, March 17, the Badminton Club closed a most successful year of activities. The members played the last games of the season and then adjourned to Big Tuck, where the next year's president, Marjory Fraser, was elected by acclamation. The executive for this year consisted of Marjory Fraser as president, Alastair Mackay as vice-president, and Erna Ellert as secretary-treasurer.

In spite of difficulty in getting birds, the club continued to function throughout the winter, and the attendance was consistently good. The spring tournament results were as follows:

Men's doubles: Bill Armstrong and Art Wagner.
Men's singles: John Macpherson.
Women's doubles: Marjory Fraser and Molly Hughes.
Mixed doubles: Molly Hughes and Bill Armstrong.

The Faculty Club entertained the student's club in a round robin tournament in February. The players were served refreshments at the home of Miss Revel after the games and prizes were awarded to John Macpherson and Erna Ellert.

The club wishes to thank Stan Moher for his assistance, which made possible this most successful season.

ginner have learned enough about swimming during the winter so that they can utilize this training during the summer months. If these students spend some of the summer absorbing vitamin D and acquiring a rich golden tan, perhaps next year they will be in a better position to enjoy the Swimming Club.

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Women's Intramural Track And Field Records Are Listed

The following are the women's intramural track and field records. They are given at this time so that women who anticipate entering the Fall track and field meet may train this summer with the records in mind. Every event is open, with no age limit.

100 metres dash—13 4-5 secs.
60 metres dash—7 4-5 secs.
Running broad jump—14 ft. 9in. (D. Ward).
Running high jump—4ft. 5ins. (D. Ward).
Softball throw—167.275ft. (D. Ward).
Javelin throw—85.6 ft. (L. Reid).
Discus throw—85.35 ft. (J. Pritchard).
Relay (440 yards)—60 2-5 secs.
Hurdles, 80 metres—14 4-5 secs.
220 yards race—34 3-5 secs.

THE OUTDOOR CLUB

The last two months have supplied the Outdoor Club with the only skiing of the winter. The last week-end, skiing was done Sun Valley style in shirt sleeves, but down to earth spills were a little slushy. We had some American skiers from Florida and other southern points, who were doing their best at our great winter sport. Again an attempt to break into the Cabin has been made. This time the trusty Yale lock kept the thieves out, but when members tried to get in they found it necessary to rip out a panel or two. Why does this always happen? Does somebody covet our kitchen range?

Somebody has lost a cable at the hill—the owner will find it at the Cabin. Our president's letter in The Gateway regarding house dances received a gratifying response. Elections for next year's executive will be held next fall, following the customary procedure.

Theatre Directory

EMPRESS—Fri., Sat., Mon., "Pistol Packing Momo," plus "Rookies in Burma." Tues., Wed., Thurs., "No Greater Love," also "Power of the Press."

STRAND—Fri., Sat., Mon., Gary Cooper in "Souls at Sea," also "Two Tickets to London." Tues., Wed., Thurs., "Random Harvest," with Greer Garson and Ronald Colman, also Joan Blondell in "Girl Trouble."

GARNEAU—Fri., Sat., "Riding High," with Dorothy Lamour and Dick Powell. Mon., Tues., Wed., "Claudia," with Robert Young. Thurs., Fri., Sat., "Sky's the Limit," plus "Victory Through Air Power," Walt Disney's feature cartoon.

PRINCESS—Fri., Sat., "Swing Shift Maisie," with Ann Sothern, also "Red River Valley." Mon., Tues., Wed., Red Skelton in "Dubarry Was a Lady," also "The Falcon Strikes Back." Thurs., Fri., Sat., Humphrey Bogart in "Action on the North Atlantic," plus "Undercover Man."

VARSCONA—Fri., "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," also "Follow the Band." Sat., Mon., Tues., Judy Garland in "For Me and My Gal," also George Brent in "You Can't Escape Forever." Wed., Thurs., Fri., "White Cargo," with Hedy Lemarr and Walter Pidgeon, also "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

RIALTO—Fri., Sat., Mon., "Gung Ho." Tues., Wed., Thurs., "Woman of the Town."

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